Hamm. Edwards 2 vols 30
[gd]
Wds
£52
S
2-11

KINNAIRD

2 folds (dalle.
23/2/79

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/risingsunserioco00barr

Published as the Act directs by Appleyard, Wimpole Street. Feb. 20th 1807

THE

RISING SUN,

A

SERIO-COMIC

Satiric Romance.

BY

CERVANTES HOGG, F.S.M.

Eupolis atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poetæ
Atque alii quorum comedia prisca virorum est:
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius aut alioqui
Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.
Hor. Sat. 4, l. 1.

When Aristophanes' satiric rage,
The wit of Eupolis, Cratinus, swept the stage,
None, worthy to be shewn, escap'd the scene,
No public knave, or thief of lofty mien;
The loose adult'rer was drawn forth to sight,
The secret murth'rer trembling lurk'd the night,
Vice *play'd* itself, and each ambitious spark,
All boldly branded with the poet's mark.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR APPLEYARDS,
WIMPOLE-STREET.

1807.

J. Brettell, Printer,
Marshall-Street, Golden-Square.

THE

Rising Sun.

CHAPTER I.

CONTAINS AN ESSAY ON SATIRE, AND ON ANCIENT AND MODERN SATIRISTS.

A SATIRIST, or moralist, can have only two aims in view; either to expose and lash vice, or to laugh folly to shame.—Among the Romans, Juvenal has given us an example of the former, and Horace of the latter. Juvenal's wit is of a more masculine and nervous kind than that of Horace, although, perhaps, the latter might have shown himself equally vigorous if he had not been a *courtier*. His wit was enervated by the courtly polish which he gave it, and was deprived of a considerable portion of that Attic

salt, with which it is evident he might have seasoned it. Horace, however, showed himself a much more prudent man than Juvenal, as he was well received at court, and, consequently caressed in all the fashionable circles; whilst poor Juvenal, only because he cast some reflections on Paris, a favourite *actor*, was sent away with the command of a small company, or, in plain English, banished into Egypt, where he died in obscurity. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Horace's Satires were a more useful work than Juvenal's, because the former were greedily read, and the latter was rigourously proscribed. The only end of a book is to contain what is useful, and what will be read. A satirist, therefore, should pursue the means which are most likely to produce his end, the annihilation of vice, or correction of folly, by seasoning his writings so that they may be read. Such is the line which we have chalked out to ourselves, and we shall endeavour to blend the *utile dulci*, and to carry on our matters *suavitèr in modo, fortitèr in re.*

The modern English, no less *sensitive* than the Romans, have no relish for downright but-

chery: but they can put up with being *decently* dissected. — A rigid moralist dare not pop his cynic face out of his own door, without danger of having a snatch made at his hat and wig, a fillip o' th' nose, or a pinch o' th' ear, from some or other of the dissolute wags of the present day; and if he turn about to enter his house and eclipse himself, it is a hundred to one that they take leave of him by a kick on the last part of his *constellation* which is *visible*. Men of lively wit, eccentricity, and genius, like PETER P———R, Colonel H———R, and others, may walk about the streets, without even soaping their noses, in their Harlequin and Pantaloon garbs, and bestow blows on persons of all ranks and stations, with their *wooden swords*, or pantomimic kicks o' th' breech, and be sure of receiving the applause and admiration of the gaping multitude for their dexterity; whilst such a downright butcher as TOM PAINE, would be justly obliged to fly the country, or to make Newgate his town residence. Vice must now be knocked down and cut up like a bullock, but must be agreeably tickled into a kind of lethargy. Every *delicate* and *feeling* mind would

prefer to see the victims immolated at once, and put out of pain by a knife dexterously thrust into the spinal marrow, as is practised in Portugal, to the more barbarous English method of making it stagger and suffer under repeated blows of an axe, and die by inches. To avoid giving pain to such delicate and feeling minds, a skilful dissector must soften *vice* into *folly*, and *folly* into *youthful frailties*. He must tickle the great for his own interest, as the great condescend to tickle the little, whenever it suits theirs. Instead of the following virulent declamation of Lansdowne:

"Vice, like some monster, suff'ring none to 'scape,
Has seiz'd the town, and varies still her shape:
Here, like a gen'ral, she struts in state,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait:
There, like some pensive statesman, walks demure,
And smiles, and hugs, to make destruction sure:
Now, under high commodes, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours in gaudy colours deck'd;
Then, in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom but to see the face:
In pulpits, and at bar, she wears a gown,
In camps a sword, in palaces a crown."

—He should endeavour to soften down matters,

and mean more than he expresses, of which mode of writing, we submit the following lines to the judgment of the reader:

" In these our moral days, Vice hides it face,—
Folly, more fashionable, holds its place;
On both sides Temple-Bar, its hideous mien
And lurking gait are no more to be seen.
Gay, laughing, smirking folly is the *ton*,—
A coat of arms which no one will disown;
Since 'tis the fashion, and costs nothing wearing,
Not being rank'd as an armorial bearing.
Could foolish heads, like powder'd ones, be tax'd,
No more would ministers be so perplex'd,
To raise the year's supplies, for ways and means;
They'd find an ample source in lack of brains.
In former days, kings kept one fool for sport;
But now there are few else about a court:
To be a fool 's accounted no rare thing,
Since all dance hand in hand in one round ring.
Jack Pudding's arms no one does scorn to quarter,
With Thistle, Bath, or e'en my lady's Garter;
Alike on rev'rend lawn, or legal coif,
They hang together just like man and wife;
Whoever grins is laugh'd at for his labour,
For such a one as Jack, such is his neighbour.
My Lord with folly should he charge his spouse,
She will retort by smiling at his brows,

As if she'd say: "Like your's, so is my head,
Save those *male honours* which do yours o'erspread.
E'en John, behind the chair will take the joke,
And stifled laughter will his windpipe choke;
He skips into the hall, the servants scoff
Their masters, but assume their clothes cast off;
So that the badge of folly, which all scorn,
Is, ne'ertheless, in ev'ry station worn:
One day i' th' year, fools formerly had sway,
But ev'ry day is now an—"*All Fools' Day.*"

Both roads, it must be confessed, bring us exactly to the same spot; but the smoother one will always be preferred, especially by the feet of the great, which seldom tread on any thing but carpets. We hope, on account of our smoothness, to have some of them travel our way.

If it be true, as a certain poet (Oldham) says:—

"For seldom that ill-natur'd planet rules,
That plagues a poet with a dearth of fools."

—And as another (Farquhar) writes:—

"—— A *fool*'s the fav'rite plant of Nature,
A weed that has to twenty summers ran,
Shoots up to stalk, and vegetates to man."—

—If this be true, folly has never been confined to any age or country, and there is the less room

to wonder at the fecundity of the present crop in this country. The vice and folly of human nature are the game of the satirist, who feels an honest indignation at profligacy and depravity. Greece had its Aristophanes; Rome, its Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and Martial; France, its Boileau, Moliere, and Le Sage; Spain, its Cervantes, and Guevara; and England, its Oldham, Dorset, Swift, and Churchill. The latter now enjoys, as we have before said, its Peter Pindar and Colonel Hanger, both great men in their line; and we burn with the same *generous* desire to reform the depreciated manners of our countrymen, great as well as little, for we are not above giving advice to the former, although we know they are above taking it.

The strength of satire consists in this most essential point, that it reaches where neither the fears of the laws of God or man can take effect. To preach religion to the Atheist, who hopes for no future rewards and dreads no future punishments, would be like haranguing a post; human laws are found of very little avail against the corruption of private debauchees, drunkards, and gamesters, especially of high life, al-

though in an action tried to recover the amount of a note obtained by gaming, a late learned judge (Lord Kenyon) denounced the full severity of the law against all offenders in a similar way, of whatever rank or sex. 'It is extremely to be lamented,' said his Lordship, 'that this vice has descended to the very lowest order of the people. It is to be regretted, that it is so prevalent among the highest ranks of society, who have set the example to their inferiors, and who, it seems, are *too great for the law.* I wish they could be punished. If any prosecutions are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever may be their rank or station in the country; though they should be the *first ladies* in the land, they should certainly exhibit themselves in the PILLORY!'—As we have never witnessed such an exhibition, although gaming is as frequent and public as ever, we must conclude that those who countenance it are *too great for the law;* but Nature has implanted in all mankind a love of public estimation, and a dread of its opposite, infamy. Therefore to rouse to virtue by that love, and to deter from vice by this dread, is

the province of satire, and its powers are extensive and as self-renewing, as the Hydra heads with which it has to cope: —

"The Grecian wits, who satire first began,
Were pleasant pasquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the state opprest,
They durst not rail, perhaps, they lash'd, at least,
And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand,
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Tho' foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress, is dint of verse to try,
And satire in our Court of Chancery." DRYDEN.

We, however, differ in opinion from the poet in one point, and think that the dignity of satire is degraded by employing it against trifles; it is like *breaking a fly on a wheel.* It should be boldly levelled against those vices which are beyond the reach of the law, and those persons who are too great for it. It would be a combat worthy of itself, to see it, like another Hercules, strangle the Antæus, vice, in the mid regions. We agree with another luminary of

the law, that—'to hang one rascal in ruffles would prove a more beneficial example, than to tuck a thousand poor rogues in rags!'

Such is the province and power of satire, and as there is a difference in mental as well as in corporeal disorders, a skilful satirist, like a skilful physician, should apply such remedies as are suited to each of them. The former, when there is a sense of shame left in the patient, should endeavour to rouse it; but if he should be totally dead to it, he should be treated as in a desperate way. Hence, we may account for the difference of style, which we find in Horace and Juvenal, the former might well be courtly to those who received him at court; and the latter could not be too severe on those who could be capable of so infamous an action, as that of sacrificing him to a stage-player. Hence also in this *enlightened* age, we may discern the reason, why Pindar and Hanger make use only of such polished, elegant, and courtly themes and phrases, as were in use during the Augustan age; it is because *we have nearly attained, if not reached, or, perhaps, even exceeded that splendid æra!* We cannot, however, avoid

giving the preference to the Colonel in one point; because no man has so great a right to expose to ridicule the follies of others, as he who begins with and can pass sentence on his own. The Colonel, in the very outset of his work, has exhibited his own effigy on a gibbet, whence the reader must conclude, that he has a proper idea of what would be for the good of society, and without such ideas, no man can ever be a person calculated for a satirist: but Peter Pindar has no such claim to our attention, as he has not even exhibited himself on a pillory!—

The reader may here think he has a right to know what are our pretensions to public favour. We have only to answer that we cannot look so far forwards into the Book of Fate as the Colonel; but we expect nothing short of the fate of writers in general—a garret or, perhaps, a a jail, unless they should smile upon the offspring of his brain; — or unless (which is by no means unlikely) his R— H— the P— of W—, who has shewn himself the Mecænas of the present age by patronising an institution for the relief of decayed Authors,

should think our performance has merit enough to induce him to extend his munificence towards us. Perhaps, (for there is no end to vanity where it once gets a firm footing in the brain of man, especially of an author,) if he should ever ascend the throne, and we should live to see it, he may, in consideration of our endeavours to make his future subjects wise, honest, and industrious, deem us worthy of being his POET LAUREAT! We must confess that, next to the honour of the thing, we should very much relish the pay and the pipe of wine annexed to the office, as we are not of those inspired ones, who can write without a drop of something, nor of those who—

"—— —— write only for a name,
And think their labours well repaid with *fame*."

—We are for substance as well as sound, and if ever we should escape that exaltation which the Colonel has predicted for himself, and arrive at that to which our own vanity prompts us to aspire, we shall, as in duty and gratitude bound, endeavour to sing, and not, like other poets, to feign, the glories of his reign, which we shall

conclude with somewhat like the following stanzas:

"Sure, such a wise king, and such loyal people,
Were just as well met as a church and a steeple:
So firmly united, no schism could be made,
Th' one overlook'd—t'others drove a rare trade;
By which both were gainers, as will be the case,
Where a king, and a subject, both know their own place.

Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee;
Better land than Old England, I'd ne'er wish to see.

The above lines may serve not only as our recommendation to the important office; but also as a specimen of our abilities to perform the duties of it. At all events, we can promise to spend the salary and drink the wine and that, perhaps, would be as much as many of our predecessors have done,—at least, to any good purpose.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINS SOME PARTICULARS OF THE GILDRIG FAMILY, AND OF THE MANOR OF FREELAND.

In the parish of *Andover*, in Hampshire, resided a certain family of the name of Gildrig, who had inherited and farmed, for years past, a paternal estate which afforded, with good œconomy, all the necessaries, if not the superfluities of life. By the failure of an elder branch of the family, the Gildrigs of Andover became intitled to the noble *Manor* of *Freeland*, in Middlesex, together with Highland, Bogland, Thirteen Acres, and numerous other dependencies. The *Manor*, thus extending over several distinct estates, afforded an astonishing revenue; but some law-suits and squabbles in which the former proprietors had been entangled either by their own spirit of litigation, or the jealousy of the neighbouring land-holders, together with

the mismanagement of their stewards, had so heavily incumbered it with debt, that the tenants complained grievously of the fines, heriots, reliefs, and other duties, which were from time to time levied upon them to pay the interest. What added to their grievances was, that as the same mismanagement continued, the debts yearly increased, and threatened eventually to overwhelm them.

The mansion-house was very old, but in good condition, spacious and well furnished in the antique style. Contrary to the common rules of architecture, the noblest suit of rooms were at the top of the house, and so downwards, the orders being reversed. It consisted of *three* stories, each of a different order, but so contrived as to be well blended, and to unite the solid, and the elegant; the agreeable and the useful together. It had, however, suffered some dreadful dilapidations from the unskilful alteration of daring innovators. The upper story, which from the mode of building, we shall call the first, was solely appropriated to the residence of the *Lord* and his family. The rooms were superbly, though fancifully decorated with

globes, sceptres, and crowns, gilded on the walls, and ceilings: but the most remarkable article of furniture was the Lord's and Lady's elbow-chairs, which were only rude mishapen things of oak, and that of the Lord had a great *Highland stone* between its feet, either to keep it steady, or for some other purpose. The second, or middle story, was less superb, but more elegant, being supported by polished "*Corinthian pillars*," and was destined for the reception of those of the principal tenants, whom the Lord condescended to make his *companions*. The decorations, though less splendid, were as remarkable as those of the first story. The walls and ceilings were ornamented with coronets and armorial bearings, interspersed with bunches of red, blue, and green ribbons. These trappings, when *perfect*, must have had a pleasing and grand effect; but as most of those, who had been admitted, had, from a pride of showing that they had been the companions of the *Lord*, cut off strips from the bunches of ribbons, to stick in their breeches-knees, or their bosoms, as Indians stick shells and feathers through the gristles of their ears and noses, the

hangings were in tatters, and the *tout en*
was become much less respectable. Th
of the *Keeper* of the Lord's *Court* of *Cons*
who was the chief of the second story, w
less remarkable than those of the Lord and
It was a bag stuffed with wool, as some s
remind him of the interest of the tenants
were very great woollen manufacturer
seems rather schoolboyish, however, th
posteriors should be reminded of what he
always carry in his head. The third, or g
story, was without all these ornaments;
design was noble, grand, and magnificent,
excessively simple. The walls were of a
ness and solidity sufficiently to have lasted
end of the world; but unfortunately, the
rials of which they were composed, were
brittle and perishable a nature, as to
frequent patching up, to the destruction
symmetry and harmony of proportion,
out restoring it to its primitive strength.
story was set apart for the Steward, and
chief domestics of the household, and ha
made so strong purposely to preserve th
which belonged to the tenantry, althou

voted to the Lord's use. The ceilings of this story were, therefore, made almost as difficult of access from the other two stories, as from without doors, so that if the Steward's household were honest people, very little waste could be committed. In order to keep him watchful, his seat was on a hard bench, which was humourously styled '*a bed of roses*,' but from its containing the plate, &c. its real name was—The Money Bench. The Stewards, notwithstanding these wholesome precautions, have often been treacherous, or slept upon their bench, which has afforded opportunities to some persons belonging to the upper stories, to make free with some of the plate, as well as of the strips of hangings. The room, where the Money Bench was placed, was termed the *Common Hall*, because all the affairs of the manor were discussed there, by a certain number of delegates chosen by and from the tenants for their *supposed* superior talents and integrity; but man is

Quâvis incertior aurâ,—

and the *public good* was too often sacrificed to *private interest*. In the Common Hall there

were always two parties: one which favoured the views of the Steward, and were, in return, rewarded with the run of the *public kitchen*. As these uttered only what the Steward dictated to them, they were not unaptly likened to puppets whose jaws move with a string; the other party were opposed to the Steward, whom they wished to push out, that they might worm themselves into the good things in the Money Bench and Store-rooms. As these had no *allowance*, they were in general very hungry, and made almost as much noise as the hounds in the dog-kennel. To cover their real designs, however, they pretended that all this noise was made for the public good; but *credat Judæus!*

Farmer George Gildrig, the Lord, in whose time the events hereafter recorded took place, was a gentleman of plain manners, good intentions, temper, domestic, and *economical*, — so much so, it has been said, as to border upon *parsimony;* but the tenantry had no reason to believe the assertion. Certain it is, however, that in his own household, kitchens, and cellars, which were immediately under his own eye, the most rigid economy was

enjoined; but in the public kitchen, and offices which were detached and numerous, the utmost disorder and want of regularity and thrift would prevail at times. The stables and dog-kennel, which occupied a building, that had been a chapel before the Reformation, were filled with coachmen, grooms, huntsmen, whippers-in, prickers, jobbers, and helpers, most of whom, like Scrub in the play, had not only nothing to do, but others to help them to do it. Numbers of these had salaries; but the rest flocked thither, either through the vanity of being in the Lord's service, or for their own convenience, as it was a rule of the manor, that the mansion-house and its precincts should screen those debtors who remained within them, from the fury or just indignation of their creditors. These latter servants had, in general, very little to look forward to but the scraps which came from the public kitchen, so that there was an unceasing bickering between them for *broken victuals*, *candles'-ends*, and *cheese-parings*, as among the hounds over a *dead horse*. In the stables and dog-kennels, all the affairs of the manor were talked over previously to

their being discussed in the Common Hall, and all intrigues were formed for and against the Steward and chief-officers.

Besides the Mansion-house, there were several smaller seats and hunting boxes, appropriated to the use of the Lord in various parts of the manor; so that a numerous establishment being necessary, many disorders had crept in inevitably; but proper management might have restored order.

Immediately after Farmer Gildrig had taken possession, he conceived some measures of reform, but unfortunately he began at the wrong end. Instead of cleansing the Augæan stable of the Mansion-house from the filth which it had contracted, through the neglect and slovenliness of the officers, he forbad the servants to dance *hornpipes*, *sarabands*, or *country-dances*, on Sundays. Now, whether the officers had put him upon a wrong scent, to keep him from prying into their own dark deeds, or from what other source the mistake arose, certain it is that the tenantry were very little accustomed to dance, although the great folks made a constant practice of *piping* on Sundays. But in

Freeland, as in most other manors, it is the case that the chief men claim *solvi legibus* — a dispensation from the laws, of which they are the makers, and generally the worst observers. The looser sort of the tenants being thus deprived of innocent and harmless recreation, passed the Sabbath-days in public houses, to the destruction of themselves and families, as such a measure filled them with disorders, at the same time that it emptied their pockets of the money necessary for their subsistence. To remedy this evil in some sort, the price of malt was raised in the public granaries, so that the publicans were obliged in consequence to charge more for their beer; but the remedy was so *harsh*, that it only inflamed the disease, and the Freelanders became noted among their neighbours for their Bacchanalian orgies.

The next step taken by Farmer Gildrig, was to render the officers, who presided at the Courts Baron held for redressing nuisances and misdemeanours, independent of every influence by fixing their salaries, and making their offices for life, or, at least, during good behaviour. — This measure was, at the time, regarded as a

most noble and disinterested act, and one of great wisdom; but as every good may be converted into evil, it happened some time after that one of these judges, finding himself so secure in his seat, absolutely fell asleep on it during a most awful trial of life and death, to the great scandal of the Lord, the homage, or jury, and all the court. Surely this was *gross* misbehaviour, and yet it was not deemed sufficient to vacate his office!

The tenantry, however, gave the Lord credit for the goodness of his intentions, and in the height of their expectation of his wisdom and prudence, they gave a singular display of their want of both, in bestowing on him a household revenue one eighth more than his predecessor had enjoyed, which Farmer Gildrig at the time, thought so ample a provision that he assured them, that no arrears should be suffered to incur. 'But,' as the old proverb tells us, 'it is not one swallow that makes a summer.'

The first thing, which the tenants disrelished, was the introduction of a Scotchman, one Laird M'Boot, who presently removed the Steward and most of the old servants of the

manor, and filled their places with his countrymen, who preferring roast beef to *crowdie*, came in clusters, as we see shrimps drawn from the sea hanging by each other, on the first intelligence of M'Boot's preferment across the Tweed. The tenants would not, perhaps, have thought this removal of the old servants so much amiss, if others had been chosen from among themselves; but they thought themselves outraged and insulted by M'Boot's placing them under the controul of *hungry strangers*, who never threw away a bone till they had picked it so clean, that even a dog could have made nothing of it, and would have spurned it. To add to their discontent, they were then engaged in an expensive contest with one *Farmer Lewis*, lord of the adjoining manor of GULL, and one *Farmer Charles*, lord of another adjoining manor, called GRAVEAIRS; and they threw all the blame of their ill-success on M'Boot, who, however, was not the author of its commencement. They openly vented their displeasure on M'Boot, even in his master's presence; but being proud of his favour and protection, as well as of his own noble Scotch descent, he set them all at

defiance, and answered all their taunts by pointing to his coat of arms, which was a *thistle* surrounded with this motto :

Nemo me impunè lacessit.

of which the enraged tenantry made this free and vulgar translation ;

Touch not a Scot for fear of the itch.

CHAPTER III.

FARMER GILDRIG MARRIES. — CHARACTER OF HIS LADY.—BIRTH OF A SON AND HEIR.—MISMANAGEMENT OF STEWARD THREATENS TO PRODUCE CIVIL DISCORD. — FARMER GILDRIG'S BREACH OF PROMISE, AND ITS ALARMING EFFECTS ON THE TENANTRY.

Soon after Farmer Gildrig's *succession*, he married Charlotte, the daughter of one Muckelburg, a neighbouring lord. Though not famed for superior beauty, she was a most amiable, worthy, discreet, domestic young gentlewoman, in whom malice itself could find no other fault, if fault it can be, than that of the most rigid economy. Whenever the clothes of the Lord's family were hung out to dry, after a washing day, there was not a bush which did not bear testimony to her industry. Stockings and other paraphernalia were so patched and darned that, like the coat in Swift's Tale of a Tub, not a

fragment of the original was to be seen. In the incumbered situation of the manor, this conduct was certainly setting an example worthy of imitation; but those, who loved to pick flaws in coats and could not even let petticoats alone, would maliciously assert that she hoarded for her own private purse. But far be it from a work of this kind to become a vehicle of scandal, which would be an infringement on tea-table privilege! Penelope at her web, and the Roman matrons weaving garments of rich Tyrian die, would be equally the subjects of those who prefer loose dissipation to profitable industry.

In due time after the nuptial ceremony, a son and heir-apparent (who was named George after his father) was born just as news arrived of the Lord's having gained some advantage over his antagonists, Farmers Lewis and Charles. The tenants made general rejoicings, and appeared for a while to forget their troubles, especially as the contest between the rival lords was soon after put an end to, leaving them all, like suitors after a law-suit, pretty much out at the elbows. They were, however, so

inveterately clamorous against Sawney M'Boot, that he was obliged to give up his office, and retire behind the curtain. He certainly refrained from all *open* interference in the affairs of the manor; but as it was suspected that he continued to give an impulse to the *secret machinery*, obloquy pursued him to his retreat. He was attacked in several scurrilous *hand-bills*, particularly by one JOHNNY SQUINTUM, an idle, dissolute, needy stable-helper, and wicked wit, who had the impudence to level his abuse even against the Lord himself. It was said by these scribblers in vindication of themselves, that M'Boot had first begun to *throw dirt* at his opponents through the same paper mediums. Squintum was apprehended — placed in the house of correction — turned out from the stables; he gained his liberty, however, but was obliged to leave the manor to avoid the sentence of a Court Baron. M'Boot was succeeded in the stewardship by one Greenfield, who began to apply himself to relieve the distressed finances of the tenantry, and to regulate their economy; his schemes, whilst they were confined within the manor, were undoubtedly wise

and salutary ; but unfortunately attempting to carry them beyond its strict limits, he threw affairs into a greater confusion than ever. This however, is not uncommon with *Statesmen*,—

> " Who rising from base arts, and sordid thrift,
> Are eminent for wealth, not for their *wisdom* ;
> Which is the reason, that to hold a place
> In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,
> And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
> Lustre and reputation, and is made
> A mercenary purchase ! ——

There was a certain piece of open, common land, called *Thirteen Acres*, which had been attached to the manor, but was not originally part of it, and, consequently, not strictly subject to its laws. Greenfield, however, determined to make them pay the same fines and reliefs as the tenants of Freeland ; but those of Thirteen Acres refused, alleging that though they allowed their lands to belong to the *seignory ;* yet as they sent no *delegates* to the Common Hall, they could not be bound by its acts, but were at liberty to *amerce* themselves for their quota of the incumbrances on the seignory, which they offered to do. Greenfield resol-

ved to persist in his right of amercing them, but having disobliged the Lord during some discussion in the Common Hall, he was dismissed from his stewardship during the altercation; and it would have been happy if the altercation itself had been dismissed with him. But it was kept up during several succeeding stewards, till one *Boreas* came into office, and then the dispute began to assume a most alarming appearance. To increase the confusion, Squintum had the insolence to return into the Manor, and even to shew his face in the stables and dog-kennel, whence he was again ignominiously driven: but as he was supported by the disorderly part of the tenantry, he still skulked about, endeavouring to alienate others from their attachment to the Lord. He was at length imprisoned by the sentence of a Court Baron; but this stir was fatal in its consequences, as it rendered a contemptible object of seeming importance, and made the rabble imagine that he was the victim of a stretch of power. They even thought that their own liberties were at stake, and made his cause their own. Other matters concurred to add to their discontent, as, besides the con-

tinued increase of the incumbrance on the manor, the Lord's house-steward had so mismanaged matters that, notwithstanding the Lord's promise to the contrary, an extravagant arrear had been incurred, above the income allotted for the household expenses, and the tenantry were called upon to discharge it.——

The Reader:—Good heavens! Surely the Lord should have held his promise sacred, and have taken care that the house-steward kept within the bounds of his income!

Author. Certainly, reader;—

"Honour's a sacred tie, the law of *kings*,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with."

But a writer must represent past occurrences as they were—not as they ought to have been. To proceed:—The most licentious invectives were poured out by means of *hand-bills*, and one anonymous scribbler, under an assumed, *outlandish* signature, attacked all ranks and de-

grees, from the Lord himself, and his relations, downwards, and knocked down *great men*, with a goose-quill, with as much ease and unconcern as a brawny journeyman blacksmith trips up nine-pins with a bowl. He belaboured their *drapery*, to the great mirth of the rabble, who are ever fond of seeing their superiors taken a *peg shorter*. This barbarous humour must arise from their envy, as they can never hope to reach their shoulders, letting alone the head. The spirit of discontent became so threatening, that even the Lord himself could not help observing the *perturbed state* of the tenantry, and recommending to his officers to exert themselves to preserve peace and good order.

From distant murmuring, the tenants broke out in loud expressions of dissatisfaction, and petitioned the Lord to turn off Boreas and all ill-advisers, but the Lord expressed his surprise at the freedom of the petitions, and turned a deaf ear to them. The tenants then came to *remonstrances*, and renewed their petitions. The Reeve, who presented one of them, had even the insolence to tell the Lord that whoever had

dared, or should dare, to rouse his displeasure against his tenants was an enemy to the Lord, and the welfare of the manor. The remonstrances and petitions, however, met with similar fate. *Baneful* discontent gloomed the horizon: —

> "So black the night, as if no star e'er shone
> In all the wide expanse; the lightning's flash
> But shews the darkness, and the bursting clouds,
> With peals of thunder, seem to rock the *land!*"

CHAPTER IV.

PRIDE, AND ITS CONCOMITANT FOLLY, OCCASION A CIVIL WAR; AND BIGOTRY AND AMBITION A TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION. - DECLARED FOES BETTER THAN PRIVATE ENEMIES. — WARS ENDED BY TREATIES OF PEACE, WHICH ARE THE FOUNDATIONS OF WARS. — INSTRUCTIONS FOR PLAYING THE GAME OF 'IN I COME, AND OUT YOU GO,' BY A SET OF EXPERIENCED GAMESTERS.—PUNICA FIDES, OR GREAT MENS' PROMISES.

Boreas, at first, appeared to be determined to carry Greenfield's measures with respect to the Thirteen Acres into effect; but the tenants opposed and ill-treated the agents sent to levy the fines. Terrified by their firm resolution, he displayed his weakness and pride by giving up the fines, at the very same time that he insisted upon his right to levy them. By these ridiculous measures, he thought at once to conciliate and intimidate the obstreperous tenants — that

is, to make black and white from the same substance; but he knew nothing of their tempers, and fell into —

— — — — "an error
Much incident to human polities,
Who strive to know others more than themselves."

The tenants of Thirteen Acres conceived, that the *rod* was only *put in pickle* for them, and they resolved to put it to the issue of trying whether Boreas could give them a flogging or not. — Blows ensued between them and the Lord's tenants, who were sent to bring them to submission; and they were at first beaten at every point; but the leader of the Freelanders managed matters so badly, that he never improved a single advantage. It was, indeed, alleged against him, that it was for his own interest to continue the dispute, and one of his *honest* subalterns openly declared, that if the chief had been paid by the *job*, instead of *by the day*, the struggle would have been soon and successfully terminated. As it was, when it had been protracted to the end of four years, with a ruinous expense to the Freelanders,

their cause was then much worse than at the beginning. The tenants of Thirteen Acres declared themselves independent of Freeland, and Farmer Lewis, being detected in privately assisting them, threw off the mask, and openly espoused their cause, thinking to have fine sport by fishing in the troubled waters.

The affairs of Freeland Manor were now in the greatest confusion, as, besides these external squabbles, the leading persons within the manor were very tumultuous. A party had been formed against the Steward, by lawyer Dunn, Charles Brush, and Edmund Quirke, who ventured so far as to pry into the household concerns of the Lord. Quirke was to attempt to retrench all superfluities at his table, whilst Brush exposed the Steward's weak measures, and Dunn strove to restore the tenants to their full privileges which he alleged to have been infringed.

Quirke attacked the superfluity of *mince pies* at the Mansion-house during Christmas, asserting that *plumb pudding* was sufficient; but the delegates would not refuse their Lord so trifling an addition to his happiness. Dunn then took

up the cudgels, and declared that the Lord's power had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished. The delegates coincided with him, and Boreas would have been thrown out of his saddle, if the old proverb had not been verified—'*It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.*'

When once the rabble are inflamed, they are like firebrands in the hands of a fool. Some Roman Catholics had taken up their residence within the manor, and as they were very quiet, inoffensive, industrious people, the Lord did not insist upon the severe penalties, which were in force against them. Some Scotch and English Protestant bigots, sounded the alarm of the returning reign of popery, and being headed by one George Goademon, an ambitious madman and fool, they demanded the oppression of the Catholics. As this demand was not instantaneously complied with, they broke out into open violence against the officers of the Lord's household; not only the houses and chapels of the Catholics were set on fire, but as many lawless depredators joined the bigots, those of the Pro-

testants were ransacked for plunder. Transgressors no longer apprehended the durance vile of the houses of correction, nor of the stocks; vagrant cattle no longer starved within the narrow precincts of the pound. Fire consumed them all; and terror pervaded every breast. Men trembled — women fainted — children cried — bulls growled — cows moaned — calves and sheep bleated — horses pawed and snorted — and hogs grunted. — All the manor of Freeland appeared to await the last conflagration, except the Steward and his party, who, it has been said, laughed in their sleeves, and thought the joke as good a one as Nero imagined the burning of Rome to be. — After these disorders had lasted several days, the rabble were quelled by force; and it was supposed that the Steward might have stopped the tumult in the beginning, if he had not neglected to take the proper means. The motive assigned was, that he wished the minds of the tenantry to be diverted from his own misconduct by a consideration of the general danger. It was not to be doubted, that he was a 'trem-

bling coward;' but if this accusation be founded, his conduct was beyond a *political humbug;* —it was the act of a *fiend.*

Misfortunes seldom come alone, and this internal calamity was speedily followed by a new external one. One *Stateholder*, a farmer who owned an estate called *Bighose*, joined the confederacy against Freelan l. so that Farmer Gildrig was nearly surrounded by foreign foes, whilst his own tenants were in a very tumultuous state. The Steward's abilities and exertions were by no means adequate to these emergencies, and the tenants and most of the Lord's household, at length became so hostile to him, that he was obliged to give up his Stewardship, and was succeeded by one *Cradleham*. Quirke, who had always sided with the party in opposition to the Lord, again urged the depriving him of *mince pies;* but it began to be shrewdly expected, that he either had been, or wished to be *bought off*, as, in the same breath, he proposed that the tenantry should discharge a new arrear of debt incurred by the Lord's household to a very considerable amount. — Bravo! This was saving *pence* with

one hand, and giving away *pounds* with the other! But—

—— —— —— "Can'st thou think
Timoleon would not shudder at *corruption?*"

Yes, yes—he shuddered more at *honest poverty*. He had gained—he was likely to gain—nothing by mouthing for the *public good:* he thought it high time to begin to work for his own *particular ends*. *Patriot* sounds well on the ear; but still it is an empty sound. *Place* and *Pension!* Aye—The critical Dr. Samuel Johnson found both weight and measure in those sounds. *They* even made him perceive *sense*, where he saw only *folly* before: —

"How low the slaves will stoop to gorge their lusts,
When aptly baited: even the tongue of *patriots*,
Those sons of clamour oft relax the nerve
Within the warmth of favour."——

Quirke soon after became suddenly rich from being very poor; but ashamed of his apostacy, he lingered a little before he became the Steward's *shadow*.

Very soon afterwards, *Bogland*, another of the dependencies of the Manor, wished to take advantage of the distraction of the times, and

to follow the example of *Thirteen Acres*, by asserting their independence of the laws of the manor, and the Lord was obliged to give way. At length Cradleham died and was succeeded by one *Limeburne*. Farmer Gildrig's affairs now began to assume rather a brighter prospect, as one of his chieftains, named Rodwell, gave a complete overthrow to one of Farmer Lewis's leaders. The lord of *Gravcairs* too was very severely handled, and then the whole confederacy began to think of compromising matters. A peace ensued, by which Farmer Gildrig maintained his position against all his antagonists, except the tenants of Thirteen Acres, which he was obliged to allow independent of the manor.

Mr. Limeburne, however, soon found some thorns amidst his '*bed of roses*,' and two *rogues*, who could never before agree in any one thing, except that each other deserved a halter, now agreed to join their strength to drive him off his Bench —

> " Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
> And play together when they've done!"—

When the terms of the peace were discussed in

Common Hall, Boreas and Brush persuaded a majority of the *delegates*, to find fault with them as being more *disadvantageous*, than Freeland had a right to expect. Limeburne, disgusted at his insolence and ingratitude, retired from his Bench, on which one *Carryland* took his seat, and Boreas and Brush were made his principal clerks.

The tenants, at first, only laughed at this barefaced and roguish *coalition* for power; but their mirth was soon changed into apprehension, when the new household attempted to bring about a measure, which threatened to root up some of the standing privileges of the manor. The new household had even the address to deceive the Lord to sanction the measure of which he could not fathom the depth; but when it was explained to him, he ordered the innovators to be turned off the Bench.

A youth, of great promise, named BILLY VORTEX, was appointed to the stewardship, and Brush from that moment became his most inveterate opponent. For a while, Brush defeated all his measures, but the tenants, at length, declared their fullest approbation of the

Lord's choice. '*New brooms sweep clean*;'— True; but, they soon get like the old ones. Notwithstanding that Billy had declared, soon after taking possession of the Bench, that the tenantry should be no more called upon for arrears of the Lord's household, yet within a year he broke his promise: —

"Art thou a statesman and canst not be a *hypocrite*? Impossible! Do not distrust thy *virtue*."

CHAPTER V.

FARMER GILDRIG'S NUMEROUS ISSUE. — ECONOMY WITH A VENGEANCE. — EDUCATION IN GENERAL; THAT OF SQUIRE GEORGE IN PARTICULAR. — GOOD GRAFTING, AND BUT INDIFFERENT FRUIT. — ON PASSIONS, IRREGULAR PLEASURES, AND BAD COMPANY.

The good Lady Gildrig had so well responded to the ardours of her spouse, as to bring him a round dozen of youthful *sprigs*, of both sexes, before this time. At a proper season, the education of the heir-apparent, Squire George, became, of course, the subject of consideration, and a reverend gentleman, of the name of *Markbottom*, was fixed upon as worthy of this most important trust.

A most important trust truly, and I will give the *Spectator*'s ideas on the subject, as being much better than any which I can broach of my own, or borrow elsewhere. — "I consider," says the

famous Essayist, "an human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the *polisher* fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance."

"If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a peleboian, which

a proper education might have dis-interred and have brought to light.—Thus we see the block of marble sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes, we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles, could not give several nice touches and finishings."

To return from this digression, although we shall preserve the allusion in proceeding with our story: — it was considered, with a view to *economy*, that two *blocks* of *marble* might as well be put into the hands of the sculptor as one, if they could be polished at the same time, and at the same expense. Accordingly as Farmer Gildrig's second son, Frederic, was of an age to go to school, he, as well as Squire George, was put under the tuition of Mr. Markbottom. The plan was excellent, considering the embarrassed situation of the tenantry; but like all other public schemes, it was miserably executed. The expense was more than sufficient

to have founded seminaries for the education of half the youth of the manor *in perpetuùm!*

The *generous* tenants, however, never regarded the expense in the least, but they reasonably expected that it would have produced such a figure, as would leave little room for the hand of any modern Phidias or Praxiteles, to give it any nice touches and finishings. But they were very much disappointed.

No fault could be ascribed to the sculptor; the figure and polishing did them the highest credit; but the grain of the *block* was naturally flimsy, porous, and ungrateful.

As a proof that all his care and assiduity had failed in the most material point,—that of teaching one, who was to *lord* it over others, the very necessary point of subduing himself, he evinced, before he was escaped from his hands, that he would be a slave to his passions, (particularly that for the fair sex) and that *gratitude* for the attachment of the tenantry to his family, and feeling for their vast sacrifices to its prosperity had not the least weight with him; in short—that he would sacrifice them to his pleasures.

And what are those *pleasures* to which youth makes such vast sacrifices, as its morals, its constitution, and consequently, its happiness?—They are so many rocks and quicksands, on which thousands daily strike and sink before our eyes, without benefiting by their sad example. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every stage of life, from the school-boy with "his shining morning face," to "the lean and slippered pantaloon," glows in youth with excessive ardour. The world spreads a luxurious and seemingly continual banquet before his eyes, which even with enjoyment vanishes from his grasp. He loses the substance for the shadow. Health, vigour, and appetite, invite him to indulge his appetite, and it is in vain that the old and experienced pilot warns him of latent dangers. His Mentor is accused of having forgot that he himself was once young. And yet, to what do the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure amount? Only not to hurt himself, nor injure others by an inordinate love of it. Within proper bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes ruinous and criminal. Are these restraints any

other than what a wise man would impose on himself ?— No, they do not imply that he must renounce pleasure, but that he should enjoy it with safety ; — that he should secure its possession, and prolong its duration.

By the disastrous excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed ; — many rising capacities, and powers are suppressed ; many flattering hopes of parents and friends are extinguished, and many miseries are entailed on the unhappy youth, and, if, unfortunately, he be of superior birth, on those who, no less unfortunately, depend on him for their happiness. Who can avoid dropping a tear on human nature, when he beholds that '*a rising Sun*,' which commenced its career so bright, overcast with such premature darkness; that good-humour, which was destined to captivate all hearts; that vivacity, which communicated itself to all around ; those talents, which were fitted to adorn the *highest station ;* all—all sacrificed at the shrine of *low sensuality ?*—When he sees one who was formed for running a glorious career of life in the midst of *public esteem*,

cut off by his vices in the beginning of his course, or sunk, during the remainder of it, into *insignificancy* and *contempt?* — None of any feeling. We cannot, and we shall endeavour not to correct, but to admonish and reclaim.

And what is the cause of all this miserable infatuation? Bad company, and worse example. "*Evil communication corrupts good manners.*" All ranks must be contaminated by it, but especially the minds of youth, yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurnished, and ready to receive any impressions like molten wax.

Bad company are those whose manners and example, tend to destroy in us the principles of common honesty, integrity, and self-restraint. Such are gamesters of every denomination and rank; the high and low, infamous characters of society; such are those persons denominated *men of pleasure.* In whatever way they may follow their tastes and appetites, they have an equal tendency to corrupt the purity of mankind.

By keeping *bad company*, is not meant a casual intercourse with them, or we must go out

of the world; they are in every mixed company: but it means having an inclination and relish for their company and conversation; pursuing that inclination; seeking them when they may be avoided; making one in their parties, as if they were the companions of our choice.

The danger of keeping bad company, arises principally from our aptness to catch and imitate their manners, dispositions, and sentiments —from the force of custom — from the fuel added to the fire of our own bad inclinations — and from the pains taken by the bad to make others like themselves.

In our earliest youth, the contagion of bad company is observable. In the boy, scarcely capable of having any principles instilled into him, we easily discover from his first actions, and rude attempts at conversation, the kind of persons with whom he has been brought up: we see the early spring of salutary admonitions, or the first shoots of bad examples.

As he enters further into life, his behaviour, manners, and conversation, all take their bias from, and proclaim the company which he has

kept. Hence comes that undeniable Latin axiom:

'*Noscitur à sociis*'—

—Birds of a feather flock together.

It is in vain to say, these are only the follies of youth, which will wear away with mature age. They become habit, and habit renders vice familiar, and consequently indifferent, or even pleasing to him:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

From precept we will now come to example.

CHAPTER VI.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE SQUIRE'S TALENTS, CHARACTER, AND PRINCIPAL ACQUAINTANCE.—THE READER ASKS THE AUTHOR A QUESTION, TO WHICH HE GIVES AN IMPERTINENT, THOUGH A PERTINENT ANSWER.

It was universally allowed that the young Squire did not want for talents, so much as an inclination to put them to a proper use. He was indebted to Nature for a fine person, and to Art for a graceful exterior and polished manners. His accomplishments were by no means scanty; but his flatterers (of whom he had numbers) made him imagine them to be much greater than they really were. They worshipped him as the Persian Magi adored Mithra, the Rising Sun, and for the same reason; because they expected him to bestow on them light, heat, and all other terrestrial *good things*; [See the Frontispiece.] His leading propensity (he

had many of them of neither an honourable nor a safe tendency) was to *gallantry;* and they servilely fell in with all his views, that they might draw him into theirs, and be the foremost on his list of favourites, when he should become *Lord* of the *Manor*. His mother's female domestics too, either charmed with his person and accomplishments, and vain of the honour of being thought to have captivated his affections, or wishing to establish him in the interest of themselves and connections, allowed and even encouraged him to take liberties, which were far from being innocent ones. These amours inflamed his appetite, whilst they increased his self-opinion, and natural inconstancy. His acquaintance were indeed, in general, men of superior talents and education; but, as a drawback, they were mostly of debauched manners, and broken fortunes, which they looked up to him to mend. His manners were graceful, easy, dignified, and, at times, frank and condescending; but his disposition was so fickle, that even with his most intimate acquaintance, he would mount up to *hauteur* and distance, without the least apparent reason. His wit,

like a flash of lightning, was brilliant; but at long intervals, and without solidity. He was a debauchee rather from habit and fashion, than constitution; and if his amours had not produced the most fatal consequences, they might easily have been pardoned to his youth and rank. His connections were not soon broken: but they were ruinous, and those with whom he did not break, were obliged by the length and unevenness of the ground, to break with him. In short, he made his acquaintance the instruments of his pleasures, as they hoped to make him the foundation of their future fortunes. He was liberal from ostentation; for if his heart had been susceptible of fine feelings, he would never have acted in the manner, which truth obliges us to represent to the Reader. But we will first give him a description of his particular acquaintance, to prepare him the better for what is to follow.

These were Charles Brush, Edmund Quirke, (who have been already mentioned,) Thomas Hareskin and Richard Merryman — all men of very superior talents and abilities; Mr. Howard, Mr. Stanley, and Major Cutlas, men of very

mediocre talents and abilities, but of respectable families. We shall describe them separately.

Brush was a younger branch of the illustrious family of *Bighose;* and to talents, genius, and ready conception, and a classical education, he united a most rapid and brilliant, though rather a vacillating elocution. His words dropped like honey from his lips, as from those of the Grecian Nestor. His fortune was small, and his economy no greater, so that with a violent propensity which his hand had contracted of shaking a *dice-box*, it was no wonder that he contracted numerous debts, and had his levées always well attended by *duns*. He was obliged to substitute, and they were compelled to take ready wit instead of ready money. This medium was not current upon 'Change, but there was no other to be had, or to be forced, as Brush kept within the precincts of the Mansion-house. The many disappointments of his creditors, and his roguish coalition with Boreas, caused his good faith to be much doubted; but, in every other respect, the goodness of his heart was unquestionable. Ambition was cer-

tainly the sole aim of his life; but he never enjoyed power long enough to give room to form a judgment, whether he would make a prudent or imprudent use of it.

QUIRKE was an Irish adventurer, on whose birth Fortune had bestowed none of her smiles; but nature had endowed him with an extraordinary genius, and to his own perseverance he was indebted for numerous acquirements. He had no sooner gained footing within the Manor, than he assumed the disguise of an inflexible patriot; but he was only '*a dish of skimmed milk*.' He sided with those who were in opposition to the officers of the household, until there was an opportunity of *going about* (as the sailors phrase it) to better advantage; he then treated his former friends as enemies, and received a pension for his apostacy.

HARESKIN had been bred up to the sea; but preferring the less dangerous, as well as more lucrative profession of the law, he entered into it, and by dint of eloquence had procured himself the reputation of an able orator. It was shrewdly remarked, however, in the Common

Hall, that he could read only out of his own book, that is, talk only in the line of his own profession, and, even in that, he wanted either the abilities or application to become an acute and deep reasoner. He was of a good Scotch family, and, according to the customs of his country, not so rich as to be careless about riches. In time, he became the Keeper of the Lord's Court of Conscience; but the Lord only knows what became of his own.

MERRYMAN was of Irish extraction, and the son of a mountebank doctor, from whom (contrary to *strolling* custom) he derived a good education; it was not scattered on barren ground, as he had naturally great talents, and a fine flow of elocution; but, excessive indolence prevented him from drinking deep of the Piërian stream, for which, however, he made ample amends another way. His wit was shining and keen, but low, probably the effect of his first mumming kind of life. He was supposed to be possessed of great courage, as he had once received a bloody nose in a contest with a *rival*. Thus accoutred, with wit for his

weapon, and the reputation of bravery for his shield, he maintained a front of brass, and carried matters with a high hand in the Lord's stables, where he had sought an asylum from his creditors. For, besides making a practice of *chalking-up* wherever he went, he still hankered after the mimic scenes of life, and had converted an old barn into a sort of theatre, for which he had never paid the carpenters. The landlord of whom he had hired the barn — the persons who had advanced money to have shares in the concern — and even the performers, whom he engaged when they came in his way; — all complained that he *sacked* the receipts, without letting them touch one farthing; and the latter, at length, refused to perform any more, till proper persons were appointed to receive the money, and pay their salaries. He wrote several pieces for his stage, which went off very well. Every one allowed him wit, but no one could throw one grain of honesty into the scale. The public good was always at his tongue's end, but his fingers longed to be at variance with it. To cover his duplicity in some mea-

sure, he followed the example of his archetype Thespis, who

" —— smear'd with lees and void of art,
The grateful folly vented from a cart;
And as his tawdry actors drove about,
The sight was new, and charm'd the gaping rout."

But not finding the lees of wine strong enough for his purpose, he resolved to improve upon Thespis, by using a stronger preparation distilled from the lees of wine, called *brandy*. In a word, he was a lineal descendant from the Parthians, of whom it has been said:—

" —— *quò plùs bibunt, eò plùs sitiunt:*

that is—*ever drunk, and ever dry.*

Howard was never suspected of possessing abilities sufficient to set the Thames on fire; but as he was a man of independent fortune and respectable family, he was courted by the Brushites. The Stewardites did not think him of sufficient consequence to make many efforts to gain him over to their party, and, chagrined at their indifference, like Zimri, he—

" —— —— —— sought relief,
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief."

Stanley was famous for nothing more than leaving his wife, and attaching himself to one of Merryman's actresses, who so easily discovered the longitude of his foot, and plumbed the depth of his understanding, that, after his wife's death, he married her. But for this *achievement*, he would have crept underground, like a mole.

Cutlas was descended from a good family; but he was one of those excentric characters, who frequent the lowest company to *see life*, and obtain for themselves the appellation of an *odd fellow*. Beating the watch, passing nights in watch-houses, cellars, or gaming-houses, and drinking purl with porters, hackney-coachmen, Irish-chairmen, and coal-heavers, in a morning, diving for a dinner, seducing milliners' apprentices and servant maids, and being a professed *amateur* of the noble sciences of single stick, and boxing, were his favourite amusements and employments, as much as visiting in the higher circles and appearing in the places of polite resort, the opera-house, theatres, masquerades, and public gardens. To sum up the whole of his perfections in his own words: he had fought

more duels, drunk more bottles of wine, and debauched more girls, than any man in the manor.

These were the chief of the Squire's acquaintance; and as —

> " —— Brutus was an honourable man,
> So were they all — all honourable men."

There were many other characters, all men of pleasure, admitted of the party; but they were either such as had no fortunes, or were dissipating what they had, and looked up to the Squire, as a *mender* of *broken china*, when he should come into the *ways* and *means*. With persons of similar dispositions, it will readily be guessed, that—

> " —— —— —— —— all was jollity,
> Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
> Piping and playing, minstrelsies and masking."

But, with such slender incomes, who the deuce was to pay the piper?

We shall see how that reckoning was settled in proper season; and, in the mean time, if the Reader's curiosity will not permit him to wait

till we think proper to disclose the secret, he may call to mind the character of *Tony Lumpkin*, a brother Squire; but if he has neither seen nor perused the comedy of '*She stoops to conquer*,' he must either see or peruse it, or restrain his curiosity, till we shall think proper to gratify it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SQUIRE BREAKS FROM HIS LEADING-STRINGS, ENGAGES IN AN EXPENSIVE AMOUR WITH A MRS. TITUP AN ACTRESS, AND GIVES THE TENANTS A HOPEFUL PROOF OF WHAT THEY ARE TO EXPECT FROM HIM IN FUTURE.—AN INSTANCE OF SENTIMENTAL LOVE, AND A GREAT BARGAIN FOR THE PUBLIC.

It has been already said, that before the Squire was out of the hands of Dr. Markbottom, he evinced that he would be a slave to his passions, (particularly to the fair sex) and that devoid of gratitude, he would sacrifice his tenantry to his pleasures.—Now for the proof.

This first inauspicious augury was drawn from one of those *authentic* records, denominated Memoirs of the Slippery Fair, written by themselves, as if, not, satisfied with infamy during their lives, they wished to perpetuate it to

posterity on a monument *ære perennius*—more durable than their own brazen faces. Mrs. Titup, was one of these frail ones, although a wife, and a mother. She was one of Merryman's actresses: and the play, on the first night of the Squire's seeing her perform, was the *Winter's Tale*, in which she personified *Perdita*, who ensnares the youthful heart of Florizel, Prince of Abyssinia. She looked, without doubt, as she herself said in the play,

"A bank for love to lie and play on."

There was a warm intercourse of glances between the Squire and Mrs. Titup, and both paid more attention to each other, than to the business of the stage. This absence was well enough in the Squire, but in Mrs. Titup, was certainly abandoned, indecorous, and highly disrespectful to the rest of the audience. It is a very common failing with those stage heroines, and it is a pity that the audience do not oftener exert their undoubted privilege of recalling them to a sense of their duty by manifest disapprobation.—But to go on with the story.

Lee, the Dramatist, observes that,

> "There is a discourse in eyes, consent denial,
> All understood by looks."

At the fall of the curtain, the Squire bowed directly towards Mrs. Titup, who caught his eye, and lest he should not have understood the language of hers, she, according to her own words, blushed her *gratitude*. The poor husband, behind the scenes scratched his forehead; — perhaps he felt his branching horns. Amongst the Squire's companions, who were present, was one Mr. Malden, whom he pitched upon to be his Sir Pandarus of Troy. Two or three days afterwards, this messenger of love brought a letter from the Squire to Mrs. Titup, when her husband happened to be from home. Mrs. Titup, at first, affected to doubt the reality of *good fortune*, but the messenger left her no room to doubt it. A kind of *Platonic* correspondence ensued, and in one of his letters, the Squire enclosed his picture, in the case of which was a small heart cut in paper, (the emblem had just as much pith as the original,) on one

side of which were written these words: — *Je ne change qu'en mourant;* and, on the other: *Unalterable to my Perdita through life.* The allusion would have been better kept up, if he had sent a picture of two doves billing, with Prince Florizel's own words:

> "—— —— —— so turtles pair,
> That never mean to part."

It should be observed, (for it did not escape the penetration of the *wary* Mrs. Titup) that the Squire was nearly of an age when his *establishment* in the world was under consideration. She was afraid of injuring him, and *herself*, in this business, which she conceived to be so important to the happiness of *both;* and she *prudently* recommended to him to restrain his impatience till he should become his own master. She hinted that he was young, and led away by the impetuosity of passion, and if she should consent to quit her *profession* and *husband*, she should be thrown entirely *on his mercy*. The *hint* was taken, and Mrs. Titup received a letter from the Squire inclosing a bond for ——— [Fill up the blank thyself,

Reader, for, by heaven! I have not patience to do it,] on his coming of age.

The Reader. Why this was a hopeful beginning for a school-boy.

The Author. Yes, especially for one who could have no income, but the donations of a tenantry labouring under the most heavy and increasing burthens.

Ex pede Herculem! — The Squire also offered to take up for her use jewels, from the tradesman whom he honoured with his custom in that branch of business; but Mrs. Titup, as she tells the story, refused all presents of the kind, except some very trifling ones, and even those were returned when the turtles had done pairing.

All Mrs. Titup's qualms of conscience were cleared away, (for she did not profess to have any on account of her husband, her child, and her character) and an interview was appointed. The meeting was attended with great difficulties, she tells us, from the restrained situation of the Squire, controuled by a *rigid tutor;* but

what will not the energy of love effect—what stone walls or iron bars can keep a Jupiter from his Danäe, when he descends in a *golden shower!* The interview took place, — several other meetings succeeded; Mrs. Titup gave up the profession of Melpomenè for that of Flora; —and Florizel was as happy as a girl would be on putting her arms into a new *muff*, for the first time. Perdita thought she had secured her bird in her cage, and was visited with nightly visions of *ambition* and *avarice*, but never once dreamed of inconstancy.

> "Fool, not to know, that Love endures no ties,
> And JOVE but laughs at lover's perjuries."

But she was too soon to awake, and curse the return of envious light. The dreadful note of *final separation* sounded on her ears, and broke her airy visions of wealth and power.— "At the moment," she says, "when every thing was prepared for the Squire's *establishment* — when I looked impatiently for the arrival of that day, in which I might behold my adored *friend*, gracefully receiving the *acclamations* of his *future tenants;* when I might

enjoy the *public protection* of that being for whom I gave up all, I received from him a cold and unkind letter, briefly informing me, that—*we must meet no more!*" Mrs. Titup solemnly asserted, that she was ignorant of any *just cause* for so sudden an alteration. Sweet innocence and simplicity! It is probably the first time, that ever the Reader heard of such assistants behind the scenes. If she knew no just cause for separation, the Squire's advisers were well aware, that the public acclamations would have been sunk into sullen contempt and disdain by this early specimen of *public protection* at the *public expense*. But—

"Art is but Nature's ape, and plays her ill."

Mrs. Titup thought she had found out the cause in a rival, one Mrs. A——; and she might have gone through the Alphabet from Alpha to Omega, and some rival might still have been found, whose name would have answered to the initial letter. For our young Squire, like Jupiter,

"—— of heav'n one large seraglio made,
Each goddess turn'd a glorious punk o' th' trade;

Almighty letch'ry got his first repute,
And everlasting whoring was his chiefest attribute."

Instead of Mrs. Titup's returning to her former *lucrative* profession, as she ought to, and might have done, (for *chastity* is no more an indispensable requisite to the admission of a female into a *green-room*, than into one of the *nunneries* in King's Place,) she lived away upon the strength of the Squire's bond, till her debts increased to some *thousands* of pounds, and her creditors assailed her with *insulting illiberality*, which are the terms adopted by all these high-flyers, when speaking of the visit of their creditors to receive payment of their just demands.

If such a woman's word be worthy of belief, the Squire now gave an instance of imbecility, and, we may add, cruelty, for so it certainly was, to raise hopes merely to crush them. He appointed a meeting, behaved to her with every appearance of tender attachment, and declared that he had never for one moment ceased to love her. She flattered herself, that all their differences were now accommodated; but meeting him in a public walk the very *next day*, he affected not to know her!

It may be, that this story was invented to defend herself from a charge of selfish interest and avarice, notwithstanding that she affected to bewail only the loss of the Squire's attachment, which she did in the following pretty lines, intended to convey to him her intention of leaving that country, which his infidelity had rendered disgusting to her:

"Thou art no more my bosom's friend;
Here must the sweet delusion end,
That charm'd my senses many a year,
Thro' smiling summers, winters drear.

— — — —

"FREELAND, farewell! — —

— — — —

"Where'er my lonely course I bend,
Thy image shall my steps attend;
Each object I am doom'd to see,
Shall bid remembrance picture Thee.
Yes; I shall view Thee in each flow'r,
That changes with the transient hour:
Thy wand'ring fancy I shall find,
Borne on the wings of ev'ry wind;
Thy wild impetuous passion trace,
O'er the white waves' tempestuous space;
In ev'ry changing season prove
An emblem of thy wav'ring love."

But poetry is only fiction, and Mrs. Titup's actions were ill suited to these fine words. She was determined not to leave the country *empty-handed*, if possible, and she began to make a stir about her bond : —

> " My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
> The penalty and forfeit of my bond !"

The business was submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Brush who, in lieu of the *waste paper*, for the bond was no more, decreed a handsome annuity to Mrs. Titup, and her *husband's* daughter for their lives. A pretty bargain for the tenantry, Mr. Brush!

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY HOG EAT ITS APPLE IN ITS OWN WAY.—ACTRESSES AND APOTHECARIES.—DITTO AND DRUNKEN-BOUTS. — CIRCE. — APPLICATION OF BAYES'S ELEGANT SIMILE OF A BOAR AND SOW. — ALL CATS GREY IN THE DARK, OR "LOVE'S LABOUR LOST."

If the reader can find any thing of the sentimental in the intrigues which we have just related, yet it is certain that most of those which followed were of a diametrically opposite complexion. The Squire might have exclaimed with the poet: —

> "It is not love, but strong libidinous will
> That triumphs over me; and, to satiate that,
> What diff'rence 'twixt this *Moor* and her fair dame?
> Night makes all their hues alike; their use is so:
> Whose hand's so subtile, he can colours name,
> If he do wink and touch them: Lust, being blind,
> Never in woman did distinction find!"

The two following intrigues will serve as instances of sensuality.

Mrs. BILLINGSGATE was also an actress, and a syren. She was a married woman, but her husband was of that easy race who think that, —

" —— if the *fork'd* fortune be our doom,
In vain we strive, the blessing will come home ;—"

and so contented that any one, who paid well for it, might share his soup with him. Her person was comely, but grossness itself, as were her manners. Numbers had solicited, and most of them had found reason to rue her favour. Gold preceded and followed them, as it was but one step from her door to the Apothecaries' Hall. The College of Physicians were bound to pray, that her charms might not fade too soon, and with them vanish all their golden fees. It was even reported, that she had once tainted some of the B—— R——. It was never rumoured, however, that she had *touched* the Squire any where but in his *pocket*.

Mrs. CARESSALL, was also an actress, a celebrated singer, and a married woman, but sepa-

rated from her husband. Her person and form were beauteous; but she had imbibed so shocking a habit of inebriety, (Ladies, forgive me; but, as the old proverb says,—Children and fools speak the truth,) that the well known pun on singers and *natural smoky chimneys* (as Major Cutlas used to call them) could never come in better play. When she sang, the *tones* were enchanting, but the *air* was bad—very disgusting. It would have kept any one, but a *gross feeder*, at several yards distance. I know not whether the Squire had ever been within that distance till a meeting was appointed, and duly kept on both sides. To a luxurious supper succeeded wines, *liqueurs*, *brandy*, fire and flames, and rolly-polly on the floor. CIRCE herself never half so besotted the followers of Ulysses. As Bayes says in the Rehearsal: —

"So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it in the gath'ring sky;
Boar beckons sow to trot in chesnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves:
Pensive in mud, they *wallow* all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's moan."

The Squire was disgusted, and a compliment of jewels, *as usual*, broke off the foul connecnection.

We do not pretend, Reader, to follow the Squire through all his amours. No;—to perform that office would be impossible, as they were so numerous, and most of them so *obscure*, that we must rake King's Place, the purlieus of Covent Garden, and even then resort to *Harris's List* of Ladies in private lodgings;—which *immoral* book may have possibly come to thy hands, without thy being aware of its obscenity, for we will not suppose thee to have *knowingly* taken it up. Upon our *modesty*, or, as Major Cutlas used to swear, upon our *honour*, we never did—at least, we have not the face to own it. We beg you to believe that we never read, and never write any works which will not tend to the improvement of the rising, if not of the present generation :---*Ecce signum!*

The Reader.—But you do not pretend to charge the Squire with being a *Tarquin*, or with that worst connection with the fair sex,

which is formed by cool, insidious, and planned seduction —

" By *force* to ravish, or by *fraud* betray!"

—No, Reader, we have never heard an instance of either violence or seduction, and we scorn to invent a single one, although scandal should say that our book is not worthy of being read, because it contains no food for her depraved appetite. We—

" —nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

The Squire appeared rather in the character of a person seduced than of a seducer. Some ladies spread abroad their snares to entangle him for the *honour of the thing;* others for the profit, and many, of the higher ranks, to improve their connections, that is, to provide for their families and friends. Instances of this provident foresight have been so numerous, and in the highest circles, that some of them cannot have escaped the Reader's observation. But if a woman would lay herself out to win the Squire, he felt no restraint from the consideration of her being the wife of an *acquaintance.*

The lady of one of these, a Devonshire Baronet, was honoured with the Squire's company in *private*, and the husband was ruined through the vanity of keeping his company in public.

We will now close this Chapter of Amours, for the present, with two of the most fatal, and the most extraordinary connections that the Squire, or, perhaps, any other person ever formed.

Mrs. Villars, an attendant on Lady Gildrig, was a wife and a mother, and pretty well stricken in years before the Squire was out of his teens. Her husband also belonged to the household. It is uncertain at what period of time Mrs. Villars began to tumble the bed with her young Master, although it is certain that it was so, and at a very early period of his life. Her husband kept his eyes shut when those of every other person were open, well knowing that many people walked up hill to preferment better without their eyes, than they could have done with them. He thought it a safe bargain, as he was only bartering honour of one, and that a very imaginary kind, for honour of another, and that a more solid kind. He lost

what he risked; but it was no great loss to him. He only regretted what he could not gain. As Mrs. Villars would not break out into any *jealous* freaks, however strong the flame might rage within her, and was at every beck and call, when the Squire was not otherwise engaged, the connection lasted a long time — even after she was literally — a *grandmother!* As Leontes says —

"A gross hag!"

and as somebody else says: —

"Sex to the last!"

We shall now dismiss Mrs. Villars for the present, although we have much — a vast deal of business with her to make way for, though last not least.

Mrs. FITZWADDLE, the *paragon of her age!* She was a lady so well clothed with years that, at the commencement of the Squire's intimacy with her, he used to toast her as *fair*, *fat*, and *forty;* whence the reader may form a judgement of her complexion and corpulency, and perhaps too, by making proper allowances for

female prejudice, of her age. Old age, although said to be honourable, is a distinction, and almost the only honourable one to which the fair never wish to arrive. It is true, that from twelve to sixteen, they will put the dial forwards, but ever afterwards they either endeavour to keep it back or make it stand still. By a moderate computation, therefore, if Mrs. Fitzwaddle acknowledged forty summers, we may guess that she had sunk at least a round dozen, to bring her somewhat nearer to the age of her lover. She had twice hugged the widowed, lonely pillow, which is so dreadful a state to those who have been so experienced in conjugal comforts, and whose former joys have left a secret sting or longing behind. Report said, — (but she is a common story-teller,) that her virtue was so icy, that it would not thaw before all the Squire's ardent vows and protestations, till something like a marriage ceremony had been performed in secret. However much of a salvo this might be to her conscience, yet as, by the laws of the manor, no ceremonies could make the union legal, and she very well knew it, she can only be ranked as a *demirep*. From the lady's age,

however, it would be more natural to presume, that her resistance was more to be attributed to the coldness of her blood, than the icicle of female chastity. Great mystery was observed in the commencement of their intimacy, as the Squire seldom saw his inamorata publicly; but a house was taken for her within a few doors from his own, and a secret communication was made from one to the other, by means of which Pyramus visited Thisbe, or Thisbe went to Pyramus, we do not know which. The affair got vent, notwithstanding all this precaution, and Mrs. Fitzwaddle then laid aside all her *prudery*, which was rather unnecessary, as female chastity, in those days, made but a very sneaking article of female paraphernalia—even the waiting-women would not wear it, when their mistresses had discarded it. We have often wondered in our youthful days, that a person so versed in the affairs of human nature, as Signor Don Lewis Velez de Guevara, a member of the Spanish nation, which is the hot-bed of love and gallantry, should, in his Diablo Casuelo, whence our English Devil upon two Sticks is translated, represent the sweet little Cupid as a

little, old, ugly fellow; but on perusing an old MS. of the Rising Sun, whence this new Edition is taken, for we do not claim the merit of originality in the tale, however it might be allowed to us in the style and composition, we imagined to have discovered that a taste for ancient beauties prevailed in Signor Guevara's days, which he intended to ridicule. Indeed, were there no *apparent* difference between fifteen and fifty, the grand-mother would have the advantage of the grand-daughter in sense, address, and experience, and young men would be drawn into the embraces of barren, and good old chronicles of the times, and the world conclude with the comedy of "*Love's Labour Lost;*" but Nature has provided against her own decay. Every thing, however, is not ridiculous, because it does not quadrate with our own taste or ideas. The Squire's *penchant* for old beauties, whether he intended it should be so or not, was calculated for the peace and tranquillity of the future tenantry, as former occurrences within the manor might have taught them. A *confusion* of titles had formerly stained the fields with blood, as two distinct branches

of the Lord's family had claimed the seignory, and the tenantry were divided in support of their claims. For the sake of distinction, one of the parties had painted their noses red, so that the two factions were thence denominated the *red* and *white noses*. The contest spread carnage and desolation through the manor for years, and the effects of it were never forgotten by the posterity of the combatants, as will appear from the following *pious* prayer of one of their poets or bards, who flourished many ages afterwards: —

" Remember him, the villain, righteous heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance: *blast* the traitor
And his pernicious counsels; who, for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers-by,
Our groaning country bled at every vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction: peasants trod,

Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The rev'rend crozier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land!
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheathe a dagger in his heart,
Whose damn'd ambition would renew these horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us?"

It must be allowed, that the *land* which the Squire *ploughed-up*, was either too *common*, or worn out, to produce any such seeds of dissention, and it would have been happy, perhaps, for the tenantry, if all his younger brethren had pursued his taste and example, in that respect at least.

CHAPTER IX.

HOBBY-HORSES. — KINGS AND COBLERS. — THE PASSIONS ARE THE ORIGIN OF VIRTUES AND VICES. — THE NEAR ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE TWO LATTER. — VANITY OCCASIONS MANY GOOD ACTS, PARTICULARLY THE CULTIVATION OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES. — AMAZING ADDITIONS MADE TO THE LIST OF THEM BY THE ENLIGHTENED MODERNS, HAVE RENDERED THOSE OF THE ANCIENTS OBSOLETE AND USELESS. — SOME INCONVENIENCES ATTEND MODERN ARTS AND SCIENCES, SUCH AS FRAUD AND MANY OTHER KINDS OF VICE. — VICE IS VICE WHETHER IN PRINCES OR PIG-DRIVERS.

All mankind, from the king to the cobler, have their *hobby-horses*, on which they ride over the course of life; some at full speed, some in a canter, some in a jog trot, and some in a walk, according to the ebullition or flatness of their animal spirits. Hence arises what natural philosophers term the distinction of

character. Now, as a hobby-horse will kick off a king as readily as a cobler, if he ride without judgement, a superiority of rank does not always ensure greater ease, happiness, or safety; and some philosophers who have had no more manners than hobby-horses, have asserted that as brutes make no distinction between persons, there is really none; that man is man, and that a cobler is as good a man as a king, and sometimes a better one. It is certain that if some kings have been an ornament, many, and by far the greater part, have been a disgrace to humanity, and we ourselves really believe that a good cobler is better than a bad king, as the former always continues *mending*, and the latter grows worse and worse; but, in general, there can be no parallel drawn between a *sceptre* and an *awl*. It is, however an immutable law laid down by Nature, the Steward (or more properly Stewardess) of the course of life, that no man, whether king or cobler, shall ride his hobby in such a manner as to injure another; and Justice, who is the clerk of the course, is to take care that all, who enter their hobbies, shall run fair, and not cross or

jostle his neighbour. But laws are, with too much truth, we fear, likened to cobwebs, in which feeble flies are entangled, whilst more powerful drones break through them at pleasure. Our Squire's hobby proved restive at the outset, and created no small confusion on the course.

To drop metaphor, Reader; these hobby-horses are only the passions, which impel man through his career of life. All of them, even the most vicious, may be made useful, if they are kept in proper subjection by the rein of reason. Ambition, it has been justly observed, becomes true honour; lust, virtuous love; and avarice, prudence: —

"As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stock inserted learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:

Nor virtue, male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And make a patriot, as it makes a knave."

In like manner Vanity, which, if not a vice, is nearly allied to one, incites man to perform certain acts miscalled benevolence, because, benevolence flows from a purer source; but the cause is not very material to mankind, if the effect be produced. Vanity, most probably, induced Augustus to patronize Horace, because he complains that he did not mention him often enough in his writings, and asks: *An vereris ne apud posteros infame tibi sit, quòd videaris familiaris nobis esse?* — Whether he was afraid that it would injure his fame with posterity to let them see that they were upon a footing of familiarity? Cæsar must have known, that he was likely to reap more advantage from this

familiarity than the poet, as he only conferred a few honours on the poet during his life ; but the poet would make him live as long as his own works, which the poet himself, with the *modesty* of his tribe, says were engraved on a monument *ære perennius* — more durable than brass. The poet was no less vain than the monarch : but he had more reason to be so.

We believe that Mecænas patronized Horace from purer motives, from a love of the Muses rather than of fame. His example was noble, and it has been copiously followed ; for there was only one Mecænas in the Augustan age ; but there are thousands of them in this more enlightened one. The reason must be obvious ; in the Augustan age, the whole circle of the arts and sciences comprised merely philosophy, rhetoric, mathematics, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music ; but as mankind progressed in refinement, the circle was considerably enlarged. The appellation of arts and sciences were conferred on the feats of the *gladiatores*, or boxers ; *saltatores* and *cantatores*, or dancers and singers ; *rhedarii*, or charioteers ; and on those performances called *cursus eques-*

tres and *pedestres*, or horse and foot races. It is true that all those feats and performances were practised among the Greeks; but the credit of linking them with the arts and sciences is due to the moderns, who have added several others of their own invention; such as fire and stone eating; donkey racing, gaming, duelling, calculating the long odds, quizzing a flat, and dressing in style. Our pugilists, players, opera singers and dancers, whips, and blacklegs, have all acquired, or assumed, the appellation of professional and scientific persons, and have almost wholly superseded their predecessors in the patronage of great men; and the reason of this too is obvious enough. Philosophy can be of no use to men, who have ceased to think or reason for themselves, except in the article of patience under their losses at play, and even that has given way to the bottle; all the strength and cunning of rhetoric could not parry a straight-forward hit from the arm of Belcher, or Mendoza; mathematics are become so familiar, that one of our stylish *whips* can imprint all the problems of Euclid, with his coach-wheels on the sand, perform a curve within an

inch of the edge of Dover Cliffs, or cut out a fly's eye with his whip as it perches on the horse's ear; and our blacklegs can calculate with the same mathematical precision, the speed of horses, or the *quantum* of brains of the *flats*, whom they mean to take in; poetry has no merit but from the repetition of the players, as we value a talking parrot, but disregard the skill and perseverance of the man who has taught the bird to articulate; and as for painting, sculpture, architecture, and music; every person of fortune and fashion is a *connoisseur* without science, taste, genius, eye, or ear.

As the ancient arts and sciences daily become more obsolete and useless in this enlightened age, fashion invents new ones; and if these were not, like the inventress, too revolutionary to allow the moderns time to improve upon them, we should hear no more of the so much vaunted excellence of the ancients, and the Universities would be shut up, or converted into boxing schools, or receptacles for Authors and other lunatics.

The worst traits in the character of the modern arts and sciences are that, as they depend

on fashion and are acquired rather by slight of hand than exercise of brains, fools and knaves make a greater proficiency in them than sensible men, and have industriously beset all the avenues to them, so that a man who has a wish to be initiated, must keep the most abandoned company. Fashion, though a goddess, is a fool, and all her worshippers, or rather slaves, are nincompoops, as may be readily proved from the circumstance, that no one article of common sense was ever found in the catalogue of fashion. Men of sense despise it, but many of them have the weakness to suffer themselves to be drawn into its vortex either through the fear of ridicule, or the vanity of associating with the great. There cannot be a more distressing sight than to see a man of sense and fortune so engulphed. He gives up himself and family a prey to the most infamous villains, and seldom has the courage to withdraw till he involves in his own ruin all those who have placed a sufficient confidence in his honour and honesty to entrust him with their property. A man who sports with his own property, is a fool; but he, who risks that of others, is a

villain. When his ruin is completed, as it must assuredly be, for no man who plays upon the square can be equal to a knave who secretly practises, and puts in play every cheating art, it is a hundred to one but he thinks himself happy to be admitted to associate with those who have destroyed him, and whom he once despised, to draw others into the same toils which have proved his own destruction, and lives on the spoils—if living, it can be called where a man exists only to know himself infamous.

Can any thing be more foolish—more inhuman—more criminal, than staking the expectations in life, the honour, the very bread of a man's own family, and too often of many others, on the speed of a horse, the throw of dice, the turn of a card, or the event of a pugilistic contest between two worse than brutes? What else is gaming, and is not gaming the foundation of all the modern arts and sciences? —Is it not equally foolish, inhuman, and criminal in a man to ruin his own family, and those of the tradesmen with whom he deals by following the most ridiculous fashions, which carry him beyond the limits of his income, whether it be

by intriguing with opera girls or actresses associating with coggers of dice, packers of cards, or mere swine who drink till they drown reason and probity? — Do not these follies and vices degrade the dignity of human nature, and sully the highest rank? Are riches and poverty the *criteria* of folly and vice, and are not the same things foolish or vicious in rich, as well as poor —in princes or pig-drivers? — But I will not insult the understanding of the Reader by waiting for an answer.

CHAPTER X.

THE SQUIRE PATRONIZES THE ANCIENT AND MODERN ARTS AND SCIENCES; EXAMPLES OF IT IN ARCHITECTURE, POETRY, RHETORIC, CHARIOTEERING, RACING, BOXING, AND DRINKING.—A WORD OR TWO CONCERNING HIS NEXT BROTHER, MASTER FREDERIC.—THE AUTHOR COMMENCES DRAMATIST FOR A WHILE.

Our Squire ranged himself in the centre of the circle of fashion, and patronized all the modern elegant and fashionable arts and sciences, and it must be acknowledged too that he did not neglect the ancient ones. To encourage architecture, for instance, he purchased an old house and laid out ten times more to repair it, than the building of an entire new one would have cost him, and, at the best, it was but a bungling job. The term of house would be unapplicable to it, as it never was finished; but the Squire dignified it with the title of Snarldown House.

This was his town residence; but as Mrs. Fitzwaddle could not expect to be received as a modest female by others of that description, within the circle of the mansion-house he purchased several buildings at a watering-place, which he began to repair, and denominated it The Pagoda. Here Mrs. Fitzwaddle figured away like an eastern goddess! The Squire also set on foot a subscription for *decayed* Authors, which, critically speaking, is an improper term, as, from Homer down to the present age, not ten of the whole tribe have ever been able to draw on any other bank than that of Fame. As they have, therefore, never *flourished*, they consequently cannot be said to have *decayed*. We have, indeed, been told of a satire written in Latin prose, entitled "*A Poet hath bought a house.*" The plot is as follows: The poet having bought a house, the matter was immediately laid before a parliament of poets, assembled on that important occasion, as a thing unheard of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious tendency; and accordingly a very severe sentence was passed upon the buyer. When the members came to give their votes,

it appeared that there was not a single person in the assembly, who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to enable him to purchase a house, or who had had the good fortune to inherit one: all of them, neglecting their private fortunes,' confessed that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some atonement for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled, and without care, like a true poet. — We have never heard that the Squire's institution revived the art of poetry, or we must have seen his *virtues* celebrated in some heroic verses. We, alone, have endeavoured to supply this want of gratitude or inattention of the Parnassian tribe.

That the Squire was not insensible to the powers of rhetoric, will be gathered from his attachment to Brush, Merryman, Quirke, and Hareskin; but he never suffered them to talk him out of the one thousandth part of what he lavished on actresses and opera singers, who gratified his taste for pleasure in a double sense.

It has been observed that the patronage of Lælius and Scipio, did not enable Terence even to rent a house. Brush, Merryman, and Quirke, never arrived to that height, till they were afterwards provided with habitations at the public expense, and they might have said to the Squire, as the philosopher Anaxagoras replied to Pericles, who had suffered him to fall into extreme want :—" Those, who use a lamp, should take care to feed it with oil."—Hareskin, indeed, was rather more of the *tortoise* kind, and, thanks to his profession, had a *shell* to creep into.

Then, as for the *modern* arts and sciences, the Squire was as good a whip as any hackney-coachman about town, or any mail-coach driver on the road. He was, moreover, hailed as *chief* by all the blacklegs at Newmarket, and he kept the most numerous and famous stud of any of them ; whence, and from the multitude of his debts so soon accumulated, we may naturally infer that he bled freely at every pore.

It is remarked by the *Connossieur*, that it is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cul-

tivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have never been suffered to rust at the alehouse, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the groom, and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to see a boy, well educated, cherish this ill-placed pride of being, as it is called, the head of the company. — Now, our Squire had received a most liberal, or at least a most expensive education, but it did not keep him from cherishing this ill-placed pride.

The whole tribe of gamesters, says the same Essayist, may be ranked under two divisions: every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a *dupe* or a *sharper;* two characters equally the object of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune, and weak intellects,—

> "Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
> As asses are."

— He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will

no more refuse to make one at the table, than, among a set of hard drinkers, he would object to drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry. — We shall leave the reader to fix the division to which the Squire belonged, and shall only add to this article, that he was as great a man at Newmarket, as even his booby brother, Tony Lumpkin, was at the sign of The Three Blue Pigeons.

The noble and elegant science of *boxing*, as it afforded another source of betting, was not neglected. Whoever knows any thing of these brutal exhibitions, which are a direct infringement of the laws, and the focus of attraction of all the wandering pickpockets, swindlers, highwaymen, and ruffians, that can be poured forth from the stews, garrets, cellars, or prisons of London, to the great detriment of those persons who live on the roads leading to the scenes of action, and who are put under contribution to defray the travelling expenses of these miscreants; whoever knows any thing of these matters must think, that the Squire despised such a trifle as character, from his sanctioning these meetings by his presence. He, however,

exhibited the degrading spectacle, till a contest, at which he was present, terminated in the death of one of the combatants. This catastrophe had such an effect upon his *fine feelings*, as to make him resolve never to be present at another. It was a pity that he did not discover a similar regard to public opinion and decency, and a similar resolution in discarding his other bad habits.

The Squire was also allowed to be so ardent a worshipper of Bacchus, as to be dignified by his brother Bachanalians, with the glorious appellation of a *six-bottle-man*, that is to say, one who can make such a tun of his corporation, as to carry off six bottles of wine at one sitting. His head, however, was not the strongest, as one or two among them could boast of being *nine-bottle-men*, an honour to which the Squire, notwithstanding all his emulation, could never attain. Drunkenness, if not in itself a crime, yet is the parent of the worst of crimes. An eastern apologue tells a story that a young man, who had bound himself to obey a single command of the Devil, in return for his assistance, was enjoined either to kill his father, lie with

his sister, or get drunk. He made choice of the latter, as the least evil of the three; but, in the hour of intoxication, he perpetrated the other two. — It is a good custom among the Turks, (and it would not be the worse if it originated in delicacy instead of superstition,) whenever they intend to inebriate themselves with the juice of the grape, to retire to the most private recesses of their gardens or seraglios, that their folly might not be exposed to the eyes of their neighbours; but in Christian countries, the worshippers of Bacchus perform their rites and ceremonies in the most open and unblushing manner, even at the corporation feasts, churchwarden, and other meetings of the sober and industrious citizens, who think they may be allowed at certain intervals to lay aside the reason of man. The Squire was once invited (with his next brother, who was named Frederic) to an entertainment given by the principal persons among the tenantry, and the Squire, although such company was entirely out of his latitude, thought proper to honour the invitation. Interest will do more than draw a man to a feast, it will even keep him

from one. After a while, the exhilarating juice began to give unequivocal symptoms of its potency, in subduing the human reason in proportion as it increases the animal spirits. The Squire, under one of these impulses, made some violent gestures and broke a sconce, which was suspended directly over his own; on which his brother exclaimed, "That's right, — go it, Georgy, my boy." Georgy did go it till he got (according to the vulgar idiom) most *princely* drunk, and measured all his glory on the floor. His brother, standing over him exultingly, said: "There lie the hopes of our family!"

A hopeful brood, Mr. *Author!*

I think so, indeed, Mr. *Reader;* for you must know that Master Frederic had an equal, if not a more ardent passion for ame's ace and seven's the main, than his brother, as we shall have occasion to mention in its proper place.

It will be impossible to follow the Squire throughout his progress in the modern arts and sciences, unless the Reader will good-naturedly

allow us to adopt the manner of the drama, and change scenes as often as occasion may require. As this has been universally allowed to be the best mode, not only of inculcating virtuous examples and principles, but also of exhibiting vice in all its horrid deformity, we shall presume upon the reader's acquiescence, and give some dramatic sketches in three or four of the succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTAINS A SCENE OF A COMEDY, INTITLED "THE SCHOOL FOR PROFLIGACY," OR "THE LAND WE LIVE IN."

SCENE.—*A Room in Snarldown House.*

Enter the Squire, Merryman, *and* Cutlas.

Cutlas. 'Sdeath! the young Squire of Freeland Manor, to be tied down to vulgar prejudices like a mechanic's son! By my sword hilt, I would rather be a trooper's son!

Merryman. The heir-apparent to be restrained like a vile plebeian! I'd rather be a strolling player, and hissed for fifteen pence a night by country bumpkins in a barn. If the world be, as it is said of it, "*A School for Scandal!*" yet the rich may soar above it, and laugh at the gruntings of the *swinish multitude*, as the gods, on Olympus' top, hear unmoved the

thunders growling at their feet. True greatness consists in despising every thing low and vulgar.

Squire. —True; but then you know that my father's tenants are a queer, blunt sort of people, who imagine that they have a right to speak their minds, and will exercise it.

Merryman. Well — they pay for it, and let them enjoy it. They must have somewhat for their money; and as their tongues will wag, whether they opened their purse strings or not, if we are so complaisant as to seem to pay attention to them, they would be unconscionable rogues if they expected any thing more in return.

Cutlas. Do you hold forth this language, Dickey, to the landlord at the *Staffordshire-Arms?* [This was an inn, so called from its being chiefly resorted to by persons from that country.]

Merryman. No, confound it. I have run up a long score there, and must keep a civil tongue at least, when I am there. I am all things to all men, and I have licked the *blarney stone* to such good purpose, that with all the jolly shoemakers, of whom the company chiefly consists,

I am almost as popular as Crispin himself. I wormed myself into their credit by the following *jeu d'esprit:* One of them brought me a new pair of shoes, which he had been prevailed upon to make for me by a promise of *prompt payment*, at a time when, as is often the case, I had not a farthing in my pocket. I tried them on, swore I had never been better fitted in my life, and would recommend him all the custom I could. But the fellow wanted something more than *oil* of *tongue*, and pressed for the money. I called for some brandy, helped him to a glass, and then drank the following toast: "*May the Staffordshire shoes be trodden under foot all over the world!*" — The fellow laughed, shook me by the hand, said that it was a pity so wity a man should be so poor, and that I might pay him for the shoes, whenever I should *feel disposed* to do it. He certainly had more money than wit. By similar means, I drink their ale, *which I know from experience to be excellent*, and get into their debt for my *condescension*.

Squire. Well but, Dickey, as you have kept them so long upon the spare diet of promises,

do they never press you for some kind of a performance?

Merryman. No, I have told them to look to *you* for that.

Squire. At that rate, my debts will never be discharged, I find.

Merryman. Not till your father's steward, the lean Billy Vortex, shall have been kicked down the same stairs by which he got up. But he has such a cursed knack of keeping his saddle, that nothing short of a convulsion will throw him out. He persuades the tenants that their interest is nearest to his heart, and that he retains his stewardship purely for their welfare. I would build a temple to fortune.

Squire. As you have already built one to pleasure—at the expense of your creditors.

Merryman. Those things have never given me the least uneasiness, Squire, since I have had the advantage of your acquaintance and example; but I would set on foot a subscription for a temple to Fortune, if the earth would open in the Common Hall, as we are told it once did in the Forum at Rome, and Billy Vortex would

ingulph himself in it through his vanity of being thought the most valuable piece of live lumber in the manor. I should not envy him his entrance into the Temple of Fame, if we could march snugly into that of Fortune.

Squire. It would be a new thing to you.

Dickey. You might then contradict Solomon's assertion, that there was nothing new under the *Sun.*

Merryman. Now you talk of something *new*, do show me the face of a *guinea.*

Squire. I'm quite aground, Dickey:—How stands it with you, Cutlas?

Cutlas. At low water, by Jove; I lost the last ten guineas yesterday, by backing a butcher's dog against a fellow to eat tripe. The two-legged brute beat the four-legged one by three quarters of a pound.

Squire. I should have enjoyed the sport.

Cutlas. As I did, although I lost my money: but I had not time to give you that satisfaction, as it was an unexpected treat to myself.

Merryman. It would have afforded us a treat too, if you had won the bet. I wish you had

taken the place of the butcher's dog, — you would have won.

Cutlas. Perhaps I might, Dickey, if I had followed your plan, when you drank *swill* against a hog, and won the match by dashing your portion with a couple of bottles of brandy.

Merryman. Aye, they could not fool me.

Squire. But what is to be done? A certain lady expects me to-night, and she will not be in a good humour if I come empty-handed.

Cutlas. Poh! if you can put nothing into her hand, you can pay her by word of mouth, as Dickey pays his landlord at the Staffordshire Arms.

Merryman. It will never do, he has been put to that shift too often.

Cutlas. Then do you go and promise, Dickey, and tell her that, by the powers of manhood! I'll perform if the Squire fails.

Squire. Well, let us dine together, and then consult about the ways and means over a bottle.

Merryman. We can mortgage the *succession* a little deeper yet. — I will send for Mr. Moses

Aaron, of Crutched Friars, an honest Jew, who has some faith in Christianity, since he has trusted me. We will melt him by a sad account of your Father's declining health into a *post-obit*, for a few thousands.

Enter Brush.

Squire. Ah! Charley, I am glad you are come, we were just going to dine, and then to consult on the ways and means. We shall want your assistance.

Brush. You're always in want, and, no wonder, since you want that most essential article—*brains.*

Squire. Why, Charley, you've got upon stilts; you're unusually lofty to-day, and, for a wonder, the razor has divorced the bristles from your chin before they were a week's acquaintance. Did you meet with a windfall last night?—

Brush. Aye, my boys, that I did, and what is more extraordinary, it was a *foul* wind too; but it is an ill wind, you know, that blows nobody good. Such ingenuity and contrivance!

By Jove! the Sporting Calendar never did, and never will produce an instance of such a dead heat. Vespasian's mode of raising money by a tax on *double-distilled waters* was nothing to mine.

Merryman. But was it equally productive?

Brush. Aye, Dickey; brought in a *cool thousand* in about ten minutes.

Squire. Let's have the story. — I'm impatient to hear it.

Brush. Well then, I was at ——'s last night, and met with one continued run of ill-luck; in short, I was brought to my last guinea. In such a situation, all of you would have had no other resource, but to console yourselves with your Perdita's and your bottles; but I had brains — brains, my boys! I left the room, and went into the adjoining public-house where the Irish chairmen stand in waiting. I gave one of them a crown to disincumber himself of a certain incumbrance in my inexpressibles.

Squire.— (Stopping his nose.) Faugh! Stand farther off! — I shall fancy you don't smell sweet for a twelvemonth to come.

Brush. Poh! my dainty Sir, get an ounce of civet from the apothecary's, to sweeten your imagination.—To proceed with my story: I engaged Pat to be in waiting by the promise of another crown, and then returned to the play-table, where so soon as I sat down——

Squire. What a nosegay!

Brush. A *nosegay*, indeed! All the perfumes of Arabia would have been trifling, compared with the odour which filled the room. Some held their noses, others took snuff, and I shuffled about in my seat to complete the disorder of their olfactory nerves. Like hounds, they were soon led by their noses to where the hare sat in form. All the eyes were directed towards me, and to decoy them, I endeavoured to appear disconcerted, and pretended to look for a dog under the table. My behaviour fixed their suspicions to a certainty, and one of them charged me with having done a foul deed. Another cried,—"Aye, it is you, indeed, Charley." I replied, that it was as likely to be one of themselves. Having again consulted their noses, one offered a bet of a hundred. "I will bet you a thousand!" exclaimed I, pretending some

indignation at the accusation. — Another hundred, Charles, Done! — Another — Done! — The thousand was no sooner made up than I acknowledged the cause of the fragrancy, and called in Pat, who claimed what had been his own.

All. Ha! ha! ha! you had them at a dead wind!

Brush. Yes, and although they were d——d mad, yet they could not help laughing, and acknowledging that they had never been played so *clean* a trick before.

Merryman. Well, it must be allowed, that friend Charles has more brains than any of us, and that he deserves to have money, as he has "*a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity.*"

Brush. Fine words, Dickey, and they may be coined into money on the stage, or at the Staffordshire Arms; but I must pay you in your own coin. You, too, can shed tears—but they are those of the bottle—and your hand is always open—but it is ever to receive.

Merryman. The more my friends ought to think themselves obliged to me, for giving them

so many opportunities of shewing their own disinterestedness and generosity, by relieving a brother in distress.

Brush. A brother! that's a good one: he's going to do me the honour to claim relationship with me, now that he imagines I have a thousand in my pocket.

Merryman. Why not?—"*The man, who is in distress, has ever a right to claim kindred with the wealthy.*"

Squire. I believe that Dickey has as much speculative benevolence as any man in the manor, though he is not so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

Cutlas. To be sure he has a string of sentiments ready cut and dried for the theatre, the Common Hall, and the Staffordshire Arms; but his favourite one is that—Charity begins at home.

Brush. He has no pride, however, for he would claim kindred with a chimney-sweeper if he had no money, and the sooty gentleman had enow to treat him with a bottle of brandy.

Merryman. Well, but, Charley, this is shift-

ing off from the point. The money—let us have just a peep at it.

Brush. I will endeavour to tell you where it may be heard of, if you are not too indolent to seek it. My blockhead of a servant let in a creditor this morning, at the very moment when I was pleasing my eye with the money lying before me on a table. I started at the unexpected sight of the dun, as he did at that of so much money; I frowned, but his face brightened.——"This note has been long—long due, Sir."—"I know it, my friend, but I have no money at present." He pointed at the table.—I told him that the whole sum and more, if I had it, was appropriated to the payment of *debts* of *honour*, which must be discharged by every man who pretended to honour. The fellow instantly threw his note into the fire, and told me that his was now a *debt* of *honour*. I was charmed with his wit and confidence, and paid him great part of the money.

Merryman. Aye, what with your dice-box and your philanthropy, what you get by your wits will ever slip through your fingers. It is strange that so strong a head should be capable

of relaxing into so much weakness. With all my foibles, drunk or sober, I was never guilty of such a piece of folly. I never pay my creditors with gold — not even my brandy merchant; — *the sentimental French plate, which I use, answers the purpose full as well.*

Squire. Charles was rather hasty; but it is too late to shut the stable-door when the steed is stolen. Let's to dinner, and then we will see what is to be made of honest Mr. Moses from Crutched Friars. [*Exeunt.*

CHAPTER XII.

CONTAINS OTHER SCENES OF THE SAME COMEDY.

SCENE.—*An outer Room in Snarldown House.*

Enter Merryman *and* Moses.

Merryman. Ah, my old friend Moses! how do you do?

Moses. I should be better, Mr. Merryman, if every man had his due.

Merryman. Then, Moses, many a man would have a halter.

Moses. May be so, Mr. Merryman; you are a *conscientious* man, and, I dare say, you speak as you *feel.*

Merryman. Well hit, Moses! But hark ye; did you get that little bill done for me?

Moses. 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Merryman.

Merryman. No! Why I thought when my friend Brush had set his *name* on it, it was as good as cash.

Moses. No, indeed, it would not do.

Merryman. Perhaps you could get it done by way of annuity?

Moses. Well but you must insure your neck.

Merryman. My life, I suppose you mean?

Moses. Aye, it's all one. A crick o' th' one, I dare say will end the other.

Merryman. Ha! ha! you're a wag, Moses.

Moses. Is there nothing you can deposit?

Merryman. My honour, Moses.

Moses. It's threadbare, and won't pay for turning. Have you nothing that is worth something?

Merryman. The Squire's favour will be a good *reversion*, you know: but come this way, lest any one should see you; and I will let the Squire know that you are here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Dining Parlour.*

Squire, Brush, Hareskin, *Sir* Charles Belch, *and others, discovered at Table, with Wine, &c. &c.*

Squire. Ha! ha! ha! 'Fore heaven, you are in the right; — the degeneracy of the age is astonishing; there are many of our acquaintance, who are men of wit, genius, and spirit, but then they won't drink.

Hareskin. True, Squire; they sink into the more substantial luxuries of the table, and quite neglect the bottle.

Squire. Right: — besides, society suffers by it; for instead of the mirth and humour that used to mantle over a bottle of Burgundy, their conversation is become insipid as the Spa water which they drink, which has all the pertness of Champaigne, without its spirit or flavour.

Sir Charles. But what will you say to those who prefer play to the bottle? There's O'Reilly, Russel, and Brush himself, who are under a hazard regimen.

Squire. Psha! no such thing. What, would you train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn! Let me throw upon a bottle of Burgundy, and I never lose; at least I never feel my loss, and that's the same thing.

Hareskin. True. Besides, 'tis wine that determines if a man be really in love.

Squire. So it is. Fill up a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the girl that has bewitched you.

Brush. But come, Squire, you have not given us your real favourite.

Squire. Faith, I have withheld her only in compassion to you, for if I give her, you must toast a round of her peers, and that is impossible on earth.

Brush. (Aside.) The earth could scarcely support a score of such unwieldly queans. Talk of prize-cattle!

Squire. Come, bumpers—bumpers all round! Here's Maria! — Maria!

Cutlas. Maria! That's d—d common; what's her surname?

Brush. Never mind — Maria will suit any body.

Squire. Maria—fair—fat and forty!

All. Maria—fair—fat and forty!

Squire. Come, Sir Charles, you must give us a beauty superlative.

Sir Charles. Then I'll give you—here's—

Squire. Nay, never hesitate: but you have a song that will excuse you.

All.—The song! —the song!—

SONG.

Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen,
To the bold one who's ready to court ye;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean--
To her who is fair, fat, and forty.
Fill up the glass, toast each one his lass;
E'en a lord, when in love, is no more than an ass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, Sir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of *black* eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, Sir.
Fill up the glass, &c.

Here's to the maid with complexion of snow,
Next to her that 's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that 's merry.
Fill up the glass, &c.

For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
Young or ancient, they're sure to engage, Sir;
So fill us a bumper quite up to the brim,
E'en GRANDMOTHERS now are the rage, Sir.
Fill up the glass, &c.

Enter Merryman, *and whispers* Squire.

Squire. Gentlemen, I must beg your pardon — I must leave you upon business — Brush, take the chair.

Brush. What! this is some wench — but we won't lose you for her.

Squire. No, upon my honour; it is only a Jew, that is come by appointment.

Brush. A Jew! — we'll have him in.

Squire. Then desire Mr. Moses to walk in.

[*Exit* Merryman.

Brush. Squire, we'll give the rascal some generous Burgundy.

Squire. No, hang it — wine but draws forth the natural qualities of a man's heart, and to make him drink would be only to whet his knavery. —

Enter Merryman *and* Moses.

—Walk in, Mr. Moses, walk in. Chairs!—Sit down, Moses.—A clean glass! Come, Moses, I'll give you a sentiment. "*Here's success to usury!*" Fill Moses a bumper.

Moses. "Here's success to usury!"

Brush. True, Moses; usury is industry, and deserves to succeed.

Cutlas. Then here's—"*All the success it deserves.*"

Moses. I wish I was out of their company. *(Aside.)*

Brush. Come along, my boys; we will not interrupt business — the dice are in the next room. You'll settle your business, Squire, and come to us.

Squire. I will — but, Brush, you must be ready, perhaps I may have occasion for you.

Brush. Aye, aye—bill, bond, or annuity, it is all the same to me. [*Exit with company.*

Merryman. Mr. Moses, Squire, is a person of the strictest honour and secrecy, and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Moses, this is—

Squire. Let us cut short the matter. I am an extravagant young fellow that wants to borrow money; and you, as I take it, are a prudent old fellow who has got money to lend. I am such a fool as to give fifty per cent. rather than go without it, and you, I suppose, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. And now we understand one another, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Moses. Exceeding frank upon my word, Sir, I see you are not a man of compliments.

Squire. No, Sir.

Moses. Sir, I like you the better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing. I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure you some from a friend; but then he's a d—d unconscionable dog—is he not, Mr. Merryman?

Merryman. Yes, but you can't help that.

Moses. And then he has not the money by him, but must sell stock at a great loss.—Must not he, Mr. Merryman?

Merryman. Yes, indeed, you know I always speak truth, and scorn to tell a lye.

Squire. I know what confidence may be placed in your veracity, Dickey. — Well, Moses, I must pay the difference, I suppose. Why look ye, I know that money is not to be had without paying for it.

Moses. No—nor with it always. Well, what security do you propose to give?

Squire. A *post obit*, on my *reversion.*

Moses. How much do you want?

Squire. A trifle!—only ten thousand pounds.

Moses. A trifle! only ten thousand pounds!—You have almost taken away my breath. Sure, you think you are talking to a Bank or East-India Director, or that we poor Jews can coin ourselves into guineas.

Squire. I care not how you come by them, so as they are ready to supply my wants.

Moses. Like enough — but my friend must have his terms.

Squire. Name them.

Moses. Why, in the first place, life is uncertain—a mere shadow—here to-day, gone to-morrow. Your life must be insured, and there is very little prospect, even if you were to live twenty years to come, of your stepping soon

into your estate. Therefore any given sum, at twenty years simple interest, doubles itself, and the ten become twenty thousand.

Squire. True.

Moses. But then at compound interest, and every man can make that of his money where the interest is regularly paid, it would be more than half as much again.

Squire. (Aside.) Unconscionable rogue! Haman's fate was too good for him!

Moses. Then there must be somewhat for risk, brokerage, &c.

Squire. Well, a truce to long-winded calculations! What is your full demand for ten thousand pounds?

Moses. I make no demand—but it is worth—let me see — interest — compound — risk — insurance and brokerage — it is *conscientiously* worth twenty-five thousand with common interest after fifteen years.

Squire. (Aside.) Come — this is better than I expected — well, Moses, I must have the money, and shan't haggle.

Moses. Humph! *must have the money!* —

But then, Sir, my friend expects that you will take part in goods.

Squire. Goods! Does he take me for a rascally broker like yourself?

Moses. You are too hasty, Sir; every broker is not a rascal — my friend has not quite the ten thousand: but if you will take about fifteen hundred in goods —

Squire. What sort of goods?

Moses. Why, he has three puncheons of excellent coniac brandy.

Merryman. Take them.

Squire. Aye, just the thing for you, Dickey.

Moses. Then there are some very useful things for *gentlemen* —two hogsheads of French playing cards.

Squire. They will do for Charley.

Moses. And then there are some jewels—such as a diamond cross and rosary.

Merryman. Good for fair, fat, and forty!

Squire. Blisters on your tongue for profhaning the idol of my soul! — Well, any thing else, Moses?

Moses. Only some trinkets to make up the fifteen hundred pounds.

Squire. Well, well — I must have the money this night — therefore bring it if you have it not about you.

Moses. I told you that my friend must sell out stock, and it is now too late, but his credit is pretty good, and he will see what is to be done.

Squire. He must let me have the money to-night — the goods you may send in to-morrow. Bring the bond with the money, and I will execute it. Lose no time.

Moses. I will be as expeditious as I can, but money transactions are not always to be hurried.—Gentlemen, your servant. [*Aside, as he goes out.*] *Well, this is the Temple of Dissipation indeed!*— [*Exit.*

Squire. What an uncircumcised dog!

Merryman. What could you expect from a Jew! You have paid rather dear for the money, and I hope it will be a warning to you not to be such a fool as Charley was this morning. *Don't part with any of it to discharge musty old debts. Tradesmen, you know, are the most impertinent people in the world.*

Squire. *True, and paying them would be only encouraging them.*

Merryman. I wish Moses had brought a couple of bottles of brandy in his pocket by way of sample. I hope it is good.

Squire. We shall soon see a *proof* of it from the colour of your *proboscis*. But now, let's join the company, and allay our impatience by rattling the *bones* till Moses returns.—"*Success to usury!*" [*Exeunt.*

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTAINS OTHER SCENES FROM THE SAME COMEDY.

SCENE.—*A Room in Snarldown House.—The Squire and his Companions discovered with Dice-Boxes, &c.*

Squire. WHAT a confounded run of ill-luck!

Brush. (takes the dice-box.) Come, seven's the main — who'll set me? What say you, Squire, to a brace of hundreds?

Squire. No—I'll try one more.

Brush. Done! Who else?

1 *Player.* Another hundred.

Brush. Done!

2 *Player.* Another.

Brush. I take it.

Several Players. Another—another—another.

Brush. Done—done—done—*(He throws.)* In! *(pockets the cash and bills.)* Squire, that makes another hundred.—You'll go on?

Squire. No—no more.

Brush. Who sets?

1 *Player.* Fifty.

2 *Player.* One hundred.

3 *Player.* Fifty.

Brush. I take you all. *(Throws.)* Out!—There, Squire, you would have won if you had had any heart. What signifies putting luck into your mouth, if you won't chop it? Come, take the box, and I'll set you a hundred.

Squire. Done. I'll try once more. Seven's the main. Who sets?

1 *Player.* One hundred.

2 *Player.* Another.

3 *Player.* Another.

4 *Player.* Another.

Squire. All done! *(Throws.)* Out, by all that's unfortunate! I'll play no more this night.

Brush. Poh! luck will turn—good Fortune is at the bottom of the box; she's only some time before she comes out to smile on you.

Squire. (rising and throwing down the box.)

I'll court the jade no more. — *(Aside.)* Four thousand gone already. If Moses does not come soon, all the money will be melted before he brings it.

[*He traverses the room, whilst the rest of the company continue playing with all the extravagant tokens of exultation or despair, as they either win or lose.*

Enter Merryman, *reeling*.

Squire. What, you've found your way into the cellar, as usual, Dickey!

Merryman. Aye, and there is more sense in that, than in playing with a parcel of bones like children.

Squire. I wish I had been there too.—

Merryman. Moses is come back.

Squire. We'll slip away; they are so busy that they'll not perceive us going. [*Exeunt.*

1 *Player.* Do any of you go to see Sam Sinew and Bill Bottom fight next week?

2 *Player.* What are the stakes?

1 *Player.* Three hundred guineas a side.

3 *Player*. How are bets?

1 *Player*. Pretty level. Have you a mind to back either of them?

3 *Player*. Bill Bottom for a hundred!

1 *Player*. I've made my bets on the same side.

3 *Player*. Which does the Squire back?

1 *Player*. Sam. Sinew.

3 *Player*. Then I'll take the other side.

2 *Player*. And so will I.

4 *Player*. Do you suspect then that the battle will be *sold?*

3 *Player*. No matter for my reasons.

Brush. A plague o' your pugilistic matches! I would rather see two butchers' dogs fight. Only a depraved taste could take delight in such brutal exhibitions. Our very amusements should carry some *intellectual* food with them. Come, who'll set me?—

Re-enter Squire *and* Merryman.

—I hold the box, Squire; what say you to another hundred?

Squire. Positively, no more this night.

1 *Player*. Then let's lay by the bones. What say you, Squire, to back your favourite Sam Sinew for a hundred?

Squire. I've already great bets depending; but I'll take you.

2 *Player*. Another.

3 *Player*. Another.

4 *Player*. Another.

Squire. I'll take you all. And now, gentlemen, you must excuse my leaving you. — I'm for a frolic, and I intend to beat up Mother Windblower's quarters to-night.

Brush. I shall never keep you out of bad company.

Squire. True, whilst you keep in mine.

Brush. Why, hang it! I'm at least as respectable as any in your whole catalogue of acquaintances, and ever since Sam Sinew has been at the bottom of it, I've had a great inclination to scratch out my name. — Come, will any one set me another throw? — No one? — You're all afraid. Well, if there's no more business to be done, we'll go with the Squire.

Squire. That's right—give the *bones* a rest.

Brush. Aye, and I'll take care of the flesh too, as we are going into temptation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. — *A Room in Mother Windblower's House in King's-place.*

The Mother and her Daughters are discovered, some sitting and others standing before the glasses.

Mother. That old beldam, Mother Fitzwaddle, has spoil'd all our run of trade. There are really so many private ladies of easy virtue now-a-day, that it is not worth while to keep an open house. I wish all who carried on the trade, were obliged to enrol themselves, like the attornies, and take out a certificate to allow them to practise; it would produce a rare sum to government; more than the tax upon powdered heads. She keeps the Squire wholly to herself. His loss, however, would not be great, if we did not lose his companions at the same time. May a million of masses never be able to pray her soul out of purgatory! *(a thundering knock at the street-door.)* —— Here's company! Peg

Plumper, snuff the candles; don't let them think you are ashamed to show your faces. Mahomet himself has no such *houris*.

Enter Squire *and Party with a most tremendous Noise.*

Squire. Ah, my coy Dian and her chaste nymphs! — Well, how goes virginity now?

Mother. Why, Squire, as they say at Mark-Lane,—None on hand, and good samples very scarce! Besides, the article is not much in request now, since you have set the fashion of leading down the dance the venerable widow Blonzalind. She has hamper'd you for a long time, but I am glad to see that you are about to regain your liberty, as it gives us hopes of seeing you as usual.

Squire. Aye, constancy is but a starving diet at the best. Well, what have you to tempt one to infidelity? Any new articles?—

Mother. All fresh ones since you were here last, except Peg Plumper and Bess Bloomer. But I am afraid that I have nothing to suit your present taste;—all green fruit, and that would set

your teeth on edge. All of them have their teeth in perfection.

Squire. Thanks to the Chevalier, your dentist.

Mother. And not a single grey hair on their heads.

Squire. That's more owing to the peruque-maker, than to their youth.

Mother. No; not one above twenty-two, as I'm an honest woman!

Squire. I believe the one as much as the other. It seems, then, that I've lost my labour.

Mother. (curtseying.) Unless my years may obtain favour in your sight. But I doubt whether I have the proper testimonials engraved on my forehead.

Squire. Oh, you've too humble an opinion of yourself. If you have consulted your glass to-day, you must have seen marks of that which will ever command respect.

Mother. Oh I won't pretend to enter the lists with your old widow in that respect; — where I've one wrinkle, she has ten; and therefore, in your eyes, she is ten times more amiable. Well,

I shall, perhaps, be old enough in time to have you for an admirer; but then you may be like old Lord Queensware; you will relish nothing but green fruit. Poor old soul! The last night he was here, coughing out some gallant things to a young new comer, I verily thought he would have coughed out his last tooth with them.

Bess Bloomer. Be quiet, Mr. Merryman, I vow and protest, you'll do me some mischief.

Squire. Ah, Dickey, what are you about there? You will always be driving the girls up into a corner.

Mother. Why do you make such an outcry, Bess Bloomer? To my certain knowledge, you ought to have done with that folly, at least, two years ago.

Bess Bloomer. Lord, I'm not afraid of him; if he will keep his face farther off; but he sticks his fiery nose so close to my face that I'm afraid, he'll singe some of my curls.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Squire. Why, Dickey, that comet of yours is a terror to every body; it would make a good

gunner's linstock. 'Tis lucky we are not in a powder magazine.

Merryman. There may be some *inflammables* here for all that.

Bess Bloomer. Then to guard against accidents, you had better quench your nose in a bowl of wine.

Mother. Well mentioned, Bess. I suppose you mean to give us a supper, Squire, since it is so long since we had one at your expense?

Squire. Aye, aye, let us play a scene or two of the Strangers at Home!

Mother. Shall I order the supper?

Squire. Yes — let it be good; and send in some wine whilst it is getting ready.

Merryman. Aye, aye, let's have in the decanters, and, d'ye hear? Don't forget some brandy; for really the wine is so intolerable now-a-days, that brandy is indispensably necessary to qualify it for drinking.

Mother. Well, I will go and give the necessary orders. [*Exit.*

Squire. Come, lads and lasses! let's be seated; every turtle by his mate. How shall we amuse

ourselves?—What say you to a song?—Come, I'll begin a favourite Glee, and see that you all play your parts.

GLEE.

When Arthur first at court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving men,
And all of them were *thieves*, &c. &c.

[*Scene closes.*

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTAINS OTHER SCENES FROM THE SAME COMEDY.

SCENE.—*A Street at dead of night.*

Enter the Squire *and his Party, much inebriated.*

Squire. Well, my boys, what frolic shall we go upon next?

Cutlas. Oh! if we can find nothing else to do, there are plenty of watchmen asleep at this hour; we'll take away their lanthorns, and beat them about their heads, if they have the impudence to wake.

Watchman. (without.) Past two o'clock!

Cutlas. Here's one of them awake for a wonder, but by his brogue, he's an Irishman that has blundered out in his sleep.

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Past two o'clock!

Cutlas. Peace, you noisy rascal, or you'll wake your sleeping comrades.

Watch. You're more afraid, that I should wake the persons in the house which you're going to rob.

Cutlas. Well, and won't you play booty?

Watch. I've no relish for hemp.

Cutlas. You've no taste then — it's all the wear! I've had my own picture drawn in a hempen neckcloth.

Watch. Properly eno', perhaps; for as my friend Pat Flanagan gives the toast: — "May every rogue be drawn at full length, and the gallows be his picture frame!"

Cutlas. Why, you rascal, do you dare to call me a rogue — *(He knocks him down, and beats him with his own lanthorn: — The Watchman springs his rattle.)* Come, let's be off, or the other rascals will be about our ears in a minute.

Squire. What the devil can we do?—Dickey can't stand alone, and if we leave him, we shall be discovered. *(To the Watchman.)* Fellow, get up — make no more noise, and here are a couple of guineas for you.

Watch. (Aside.) A couple of guineas — they bleed freely.—A plague on't! here come some of my comrades. — I wish I'd not been in such a d—d hurry to spring my rattle; they'll come in for shares now.

Enter several Watchmen.

2 *Watch.* What's the matter, Dennis?

1 *Watch.* Why, these here *prisoners* have knocked me down, and very civilly beat me with my own lanthorn.

3 *Watch.* Very *civilly* done, indeed! a very pretty assault and battery for the next Quarter Sessions. Come along to the watch-house for the night, and in the morning we'll teach you the consequence of *enlightening* the heads of people.

Squire. Well, use us as gentlemen, and we'll

go quietly to the watch-house and settle matters.

2 *Watch.* Settle matters indeed! Such matters as these may not be so easily settled as you may imagine. But come along — if there be *reason* in you, we shan't be *unreasonable.*— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. — *Inside of a Watch-house.*

The Captain of the Watch discovered, in his Elbow Chair, smoking his Pipe before a Fire.

Cap. This is a bad night — not a single prisoner worth a poor pot of beer! What the devil can all the watch be about? — If the rest sleep, that Dennis is generally pretty wakeful, and he's a lucky fellow at *getting himself* assaulted; but we've all been out of luck these two or three nights last past. *(A great noise without.)* Oh, here's some business stirring! none of your poor rogues, I hope.

Enter the Watch *with the* Squire *and his Party.*

Merryman *hiccoughs, and repeats as well as he can speak:*

" So have you seen, with dire affright
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the pris'ners to appear;
Harangue an hour on watchman's praise,
And on the dire effects of frays;
Then cry, ' You'll suffer for your daring,
' And, damn you, you shall pay for swearing.'—
Then turning to th' astonish'd ring—
' I sit to represent the king.'

Capt. Why, Dennis, what a cargo have you brought here — they're either madmen, or *private players.*

1 *Watch.* I don't know what the devil they are; but I know that they have knocked me down, and beat me afterwards with my own lanthorn. Here's my witness: *(holding up the shattered lanthorn.)*

Capt. Oh, is that all! and a very pretty all too — Well; what have the prisoners to say for themselves? I *sits* here for justice, and shall not receive the charge till I *hears* what they have to *offer* for so violent a breach of the peace.

Squire. I wish to say two or three words to Dennis.

Capt. Well, well, Dennis is a good-natured fellow, and if you can make up this *here* heavy charge, why I've no objection. — *(The Squire and Dennis go aside.)* I know my duty, and don't wish to expose *gemmen*, who are unfortunately overtaken with liquor.

Merryman. Have you got any thing to drink?

Capt. No, — and you don't seem to want it.

Dennis. (coming forwards.) I believe, Captain we may as well release these *gemmen;* they have been merry-making, and for the matter of damage they've done to me, they've expressed their sorrow very *handsomely.*

Capt. Oh! have they so? Well, if you are satisfied—

Dennis. (whispers the Captain.)—We should

be very well satisfied with such *customers* every night. Five guineas for the assault, and another to drink their healths. They must be great men, and if we stand out for more, they will be discharged to-morrow for nothing.

Capt. Hem! — Well, *gemmen*, you may depart, and I would advise you to go home quietly, as you may not get out of such another affair very easily. But here's one of you that can't go far, it seems.

Squire. No—poor Dickey's head is too heavy for his heels, or, perhaps, we should not have been done. Do, Captain, let him have your chair till morning.

Capt. Why I don't mind being so civil as that to *gemmen* who can be civil to me.

Squire. Well — take care of him, and here's another guinea for your trouble.

[*Exeunt* Squire *and the rest of the party.*

SCENE. — *A Street.*

Enter an old Woman, with a Candle and Lanthorn, going to her daily Labour.

Woman. The Lord help poor folks — the rich can help themselves; as we rise to work, they lie down to rest. Well, for the matter o' that, things are pretty even, as their work begins when ours is done. But what sort of work is theirs? — One such day's washing as I'm now going to do, would make a whole score of them lie a-bed for a month afterwards: *(a noise behind.)* Lord help us — there are some rakehells stirring yet; but they'll hardly do a mischief to such a poor old woman.

Enter Squire *and Party.*

Squire. It's now young-ey'd morn, and time to retire.

Cutlas. You may sneak to bed, if you like, but d——ee if I do, till I have refreshed my-

self with a pot of purl. Here, you old Lady! whither are you going at this time o'th'morning? Do you know any public-house, where we can get entrance?

Woman. No, indeed, Sir, I'm going a washing, but then it's at a private house.

Squire. A comical thought strikes me. Let's make a *burning shame* of this *old woman.* The news-papers will ring with the waggery, and the old woman shan't lose by the joke.

All. Aye! aye!

Woman. Lord, *gemmen*, don't *burn* me tho' you *shame* me. — I've not as much money as will buy a glass of gin — pray don't ill use me!

Squire. You shall come to no harm. *(They tye her petticoats round her neck, and the lanthorn round her waist.)* There, now go about your business, and don't forget to look in the lanthorn; we've put five guineas in it for you. [*Exeunt* Squire's *Party laughing.*

Woman. Lord help us! What *shameless* rogues to expose a poor old woman in this manner! *expose!* no; as luck will have it, 'tis not yet day break, or the *Rising Sun* would

would blush at this *burning shame*, as the rogues called it. Well, I will get my hands freed, and if I find the five guineas in the lanthorn, I'll say they are *princely* rogues, and might make a burning shame of me every morning of my life—that is, before day-break. [*Exit.*

CHAPTER XV.

FOOLS OF FORTUNE ARE TO BE PITIED;—HELIOGABALUS'S LUST AND PRODIGALITY NEITHER TO BE ENVIED NOR PRAISED!—THE CONSEQUENCES OF DEBAUCHERY ARE IMPOTENCE AND REMORSE.—THE AUTHOR INVEIGHS AGAINST STUPID IDOLATRY.—THE SQUIRE'S PROGRESS;—HIS DEBTS ARE PAID BY THE TENANTRY, WHO BEHAVE WITH GREAT DELICACY ON THE OCCASION.

We shall now quit the hop, skip, and jump of the drama, and return to plain, jog trot, narrative. A great fortune in the hands of a fool is a great misfortune, as, the more money he has, the greater fool he makes himself: Heliogabalus, the Roman emperor, was as boundless in his prodigality as his lust; during his short reign he reduced all the subjects of his empire to beggary, and at his death, he left an empty Exchequer. Was his sensuality to be envied or his prodigality praised? No; we envy no

man but for his happiness, and the voluptuary can never be happy, as he palls enjoyment by excess. Prodigality is only praised by those from whom praise is infamy; — by syrens, which seek to shipwreck; by locusts, which live only to devour. Pliny expresses the highest sense of the applause bestowed upon him by Martial, but he prefaces with an account of the upright character of the panegyrist, which is a proof that he allowed no praise to be of value but from those who were themselves worthy of it. But every man, whose talents or virtue can make his opinion of any weight, must look with scorn and pity on him, whom the panders of his lust or luxury have drawn into the vortex of their dissipation, and rendered the prey of actresses, blacklegs, coggers of dice, packers of cards, and usurious Jews, who ridicule the victim of their avarice. They lead him to the altar of his destruction amidst the vociferation of carousal, which is far different from the cheerful tranquillity of enjoyment; they stupify his reason with wine, riot, and ribaldry, misnamed wit; and, even if he escapes a premature death, occasioned by the undermining

diseases of intemperance, he is left to pass the remainder of his life in impotent desire, and remorse:

"Remorse, the raven of a guilty mind,
Is ever croaking horrid in my ear;
Often I rouze to banish it away,
But the tormentor still returns again,
And like Prometheus' vulture ever gnaws.
What then is glory without soft repose?
If sweet content is banish'd from my soul,
Life grows a burden, and a weight of woe!

For what end is this sacrifice made—are these pains endured? To be *apparently* the admiration, but *in reality* the butt of ridicule of those sons of infamy who, as Shakespeare says, "are hackneyed in the ways of men;" those hoary, battered miscreants who are grown callous to all sentiments of honour and honesty; who ridicule virtue as romantic, and stigmatize as visionaries those men who dare to stand up against corruption. It has been justly observed that the talents, influence, or experience of men so hackneyed, make them very often useful in *parties;* but whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider that

every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the Temple of Honour, by any other way than through that of Virtue.

The Squire's panders attempted to palliate his debaucheries by softening them down into *youthful follies*, very pardonable in a person of his *rank* and *expectations in life*. But what is this distinction of rank which, we are to believe, totally effaces vice? Is it not imaginary? The Almighty punished Nebuchadnezzar, and he would never have done so, if he were incapable of committing vicious actions. When the Israelites were blinded by their folly, they made a molten calf, and worshipped the works of their own hands. Shall we be stupid idolaters at this day? If a young man, whose fortune has some limits, commit these youthful follies, and perseveres in them, he is abandoned by his friends as an incorrigible fool, and falls into the contempt of the world. But then, perhaps, he has spent only his own; if so, he is less criminal than the man who expends the money belonging to others, for, as we have before observed, the man, who sports with his

own property is a fool; but he, who risks that of others is a villain. Our Squire, however, made no distinction.

On his coming of age, Farmer Gildrig had allowed him out of his private purse, 50,000 *livres* a year. (The original manuscript mentions *livres*, whether it means the French coins so denominated, or English pounds, the reader must judge for himself.) He was, moreover, intitled, as heir-apparent, to an intailed estate in a distant part of the country, to the annual amount of 13,000 *livres;* making together a yearly income of 63,000 *livres*, which would have maintained 126,000 genteel private families, allowing (what was, in those days, a sufficiency) 500 *livres* annually to each. The Lord soon after, by the advice of his Steward, applied to the tenantry to exonerate him from the 50,000 *livres* a year, and to take the payment on themselves, which was readily complied with. This income was fully sufficient to have enabled the Squire to have supported *otium cum dignitate;* but without any dignity at all, it fell very far short of paying for all his intrigues, losses at play, ridiculous and useless expences and debau-

cheries. It was reported that he was deeply in debt, and he now gave the tenantry room to hope that he had sown all his wild oats, and had reaped a plentiful crop of wholesome experience. They expected that he was going to realize Shakespeare's memorable speech of England's Fifth Harry, wherein he apostrophizes his former lewd companions: —

"I know you all, and will awhile uphold
Th' unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he pleases again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking thro' the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him:
If all the year were playing holidays,
The sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but fair accidents:
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promis'd;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation glitt'ring o'er my faults,

Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will."

The reasons for these expectations and hopes of the tenantry were, that he gave up 40,000 *livres* a year out of his income towards payment of his debts; turned off his useless servants; and put a stop to the expensive alterations which were making in Snarldown-House. But these expectations and hopes faded like autumnal fogs before the Sun!

Soon afterwards, one of the Squire's friends, a Mr. *Calipash*, gave notice in the Common Hall, that he should petition the Lord to take the Squire's situation into consideration, and grant such relief as he should think proper, and wished the tenantry to pledge themselves to make it good. The Steward, and several of the household, requested Mr. Calipash to drop his intention, which they conceived would be pregnant with inconvenience and mischief, as by his perseverance, they would be driven to the disclosure of circumstances which it were better to have concealed. They alluded to a re-

port which had lately prevailed, that the Squire had actually *married* Mrs. Fitzwaddle. The Squire's *party*, however, denied the report, and persisted in having the business brought forward: the Steward had an interview with his master on the occasion, and the result was, that the Squire was notified, that if the matter was carried no further, *every thing should be settled to his satisfaction.* The Squire gave his consent, and the accounts of his debts were laid before the Common Hall, which the delegates *would not even inspect*, but ordered the amount (above 160,000 *livres*) to be paid out of the common purse, and gave 20,000 *livres* more, for the completion of the repairs of Snarldown House.—

" 'Tis some relief, when ill returns are made,
With favours done th' ungrateful to upbraid."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SQUIRE MAKES A PROMISE, AND KEEPS IT LIKE JEMMY JUMPS AND OTHER GREAT MEN.—ADMIRABLE CONTRIVANCE OF CERVANTES TO BRING DON QUIXOTE TO HIS SENSES.—THE TENANTRY SHOULD HAVE FOLLOWED HIS PLAN WITH THE SQUIRE. — CELESTIAL AND TERRESTRIAL REVOLUTIONS.—ON WHOM THE BLAME OF THEM LIES.—FARMER GILDRIG FALLS SICK; A TERRIBLE SCUFFLE ENSUES, WHICH IS TERMINATED BY HIS RECOVERY.—THE VICTORS CHAUNT TE DEUM, AND THE VANQUISHED DRINK BRANDY.

This generous procedure of the tenantry towards the Squire was intended to produce the only return, which his gratitude could have made to them, and which was that of never placing them and himself in a similar disagreeable situation. He really promised (contrary to the advice of Mr. Merryman) not to apply to the Common Hall again for a relief from any

new incumbrances. But the Squire, like Jemmy Jumps, was too much of a *gentleman* to keep his promise : —

"*Keep a promise! What do you take me for?*"

Cervantes, when he had armed Don Quixote cap-à-pié, mounted him on his famed steed, Rozinanté; dubbed him a Knight, and set him out in quest of chivalrous adventures; was well aware that there was no other way, within the probability of human nature, (which an author should strictly observe) to reduce him to his senses, but by checking him in the midst of his mad carcer, unhorsing him, and tying him up by the *laws* of honour from renewing his extravagant courses,—at least for a time. He has too high a sense of the dignity of *Knighthood* not to make the Don keep his word *inviolate*, and, in the season of reflexion, he reduces him to his sober senses. This is a most ingenious and admirable though a natural contrivance of the Author, who displayed in it a profound knowledge of human nature. He knew that a madman or a fool, when once mounted on their hobbies, are never to be dismounted with-

out receiving some violent fall, or seeing their career checked by the approach of death.

If the tenantry had pursued the example set them by Cervantes, and unhorsed the Squire, as they might have done by refusing to be any longer the milch cow of his extravagance, they would probably have succeeded like him in reducing their Don Quixote to his sober senses. But they contented themselves with his word of honour to discontinue his mad career, suffered him to continue on his Rozinanté, and he soon went on again at a devil of a rate—as bad or worse than ever.

We have often, in our boyish days, been struck with horror at the impiety of Typhæus and the other giants, in attempting to kick all the gods and goddesses out of their own heaven, which they, perhaps, claimed by a sort of *jure divino*, or indefeasible right; but when age had matured our reason so as to enable us to separate the grain from the husk, and to consider what a parcel of lewd rogues, and arrant thieves, they are described to have been, we have felt sorry for the ill-success, and punishment of these

daring rebels. Heaven was however, at length, cleared of such monsters, and the giants revenged by the Christian Fathers, who were the types of our modern revolutionists, and whom Edmund *Quirke*, if he had been paid for writing in behalf of the dethroned fugitives, would, in his *sublime* language, have termed the *swinish multitude*, which epithet he had bestowed on that society of which he himself was an unworthy member, and with which we account it an honour to be in fellowship. But, to use a phrase of the swinish multitude, *Quirke* would have said any thing for money but his prayers.

Descending from great to little; — from gods and goddesses, to emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, and other great and little earthly potentates, it is astonishing that the many revolutions, which their crimes and tyranny have occasioned from time to time, have not made them see the expediency of turning over a new leaf, and acting consistently with the vulgar notions of justice. Experience has shown us, that the common people have tolerably sound notions of common sense. In spite of all the

sublime language, (it would have been more appropriate if we had said the *unintelligible jargon*) of the venal, apostate *Quirke*, such great events are strongly marked by the finger of God, who makes examples of criminals above the human laws, for the same reason as these punish inferior malefactors—to make them and others mend their manners. A much better writer, and a much honester man than *Quirke*, as will be readily allowed when we mention the name of Plutarch, when he reasons upon this subject, expresses himself to the following effect: — "Kings, when any revolution happens in their dominions, are apt to complain bitterly of the infidelity and disloyalty of their subjects: but they do them wrong; and forget that they themselves taught them the first lessons of their disloyalty by showing no regard to justice and fidelity, which, on all occasions, they sacrificed without scruple to their own particular interests."

Need any thing more be added? We think not, and shall leave the reader to make the application of this disgression, about gods, giants,

great men and swinish multitudes, and return to our narrative.

The Squire was excessively irritated against Vortex, as well on account of his endeavouring to restrain his extravagance by limiting the bounty of the tenantry, as of his having given publicity to the report of his being married to Mrs. Fitzwaddle. Brush, as we have said before, had been an inveterate opponent to Vortex ever since he had knocked up the coalition, and dispossessed the coalitionists of their bed of roses. He and all the hungry crew who wished to get into the store rooms, had espoused the cause of the Squire, whom they unblushingly represented as having been illiberally treated. An occasion soon after presented itself, which called into play all the abilities and intrigue, and which ambition, avarice, and lust of power inflamed them to exert against each other. Both parties had the stale device of the Public Good inscribed on their banners to colour their design, *ad captandum vulgus*, as experienced fishermen very often muddy the stream to prevent the fish from discovering the danger, which is concealed under the bait.

"Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back:
It is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off; it is a rebel
Both to the soul and reason; and inforces
All laws, all conscience; treads upon religion,
And offers violence to *Nature*'s self."

The cause was this: the good old Lord Gildrig was seized with a disorder, which the physicians either would not, or could not account for; but they were, at length, obliged to declare that the Lord was incapable of superintending the affairs of the manor. Brush and his party thought that the present was a favourable time to storm the Money-Bench, and triumph and exultation shone upon their, till then, gloomy faces. Brush hastened towards the door of the Steward's room; and Merryman, after having *wetted both* eyes with brandy, for the same reason as —

"Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for *he had much to see.*"

—and borrowed from the property man of the theatre the iron bar, with which Romeo forces

the tomb of Juliet, ran to break open the cellar door of the Mansion House, or the Treasury—he did not care which, for the latter gave access to all the rooms in the house. The whole party followed to partake of the loaves and fishes; but Billy Vortex stood before the door of the Treasury, which he was resolved to defend to the last drop of his blood; Old Hurlothrombo stood beside him, flourishing a broomstick, and crying, "When I forget my Lord, may my Lord forget me.—D—ce Billy! who's afraid?" Vortex was armed with the *court rolls* of the manor, which he proposed to have examined for precedents of similar, or analogous unfortunate cases. Brush asserted that there were no such precedents, and that, under existing circumstances, the heir apparent had as indisputable a claim to the *seignory*, in the name and on the behalf of the Lord, during his incapacity, as in the case of his death. Vortex, on the contrary, maintained that the heir-apparent had no more right than any of the tenants, to whom it pertained to supply the deficiency as they should think proper. The end of the parties in this contest must be perfectly obvi-

ous to the Reader, if he has a single grain of comprehension: —Vortex had no inclination to go out of his office, and Brush had a great desire to get into it. If the heir-apparent was appointed the locum-tenens, or acting Lord, Vortex must go out; if a committee should be appointed, Brush must stay out. The worthy Lady Gildrig, who entertained apprehensions that if the Squire could once get the reins into his own hand, it would be a very difficult matter to get them out of it again, even if the Lord's temporary incapacity should cease, took part with Vortex. Two or three of the Squire's younger brothers, on the other hand, sided with Brush, and took an open part in the contest, although the tenantry conceived that it would have been much more decorous in them to have remained neuter. The question was agitated with the utmost vehemence, and the tenants looked on with the utmost astonishment, terror and expectation, whilst the ball was bandied about, to see who would get possession of it; when to their great comfort and satisfaction, the physicians announced that the Lord was in a state of convalescency. All their

apprehensions grounded on the Scripture saying, that a house, divided in itself, can never stand, instantly began to subside. They exulted in the defeat of the invaders of the *pantry* and *butlery*, and it was evident that the Lord had no better opinion of the Squire's intentions, than his Lady, by his continuing Vortex in his stewardship, and setting his face against Brush ever afterwards. When the victory was completed by the Lord's perfect recovery, the victors chaunted a solemn *Te Deum*, whilst the vanquished drowned their defeat at the expense of their wine merchants.

CHAPTER XVII.

DREADFUL REVOLUTIONS, AND CIVIL AND FOREIGN WARS. — APOSTACY, AND ITS CAUSE. — A STORY IN POINT. — A GUNPOWDER PLOT AND A DAGGER SCENE. — WITH AN ANECDOTE OF A BRITISH SAILOR.—ON THE AMAZING PASSION WHICH HUMAN NATURE EVINCES FOR EVERY THING UNNATURAL, AND THE USE WHICH SAGE POLITICIANS CONVERT IT TO.—THE BOOK BREAKS OFF AT PREPARATIONS FOR THE SQUIRE'S MARRIAGE.

MEN, who are fond of high-sounding and long-winded phraseology, may tell us that, in the commotions of empires, as in the great convulsions of nature, the fatal effects are seldom confined to the source of the calamity; the adjacent territories become gradually involved in the vortex of destruction, and the most distant regions, when the evil operates, are sometimes not less seriously affected than those which are more centrically situated. But all this circumlocu-

tion is nothing more than what the old proverb briefly implies: "when once a house catches fire, there is no telling where it will stop." The tenants of the Manor of Bighose, who had taken part with the occupiers of the Thirteen Acres against Freeland, had imbibed their spirit of resistance to their rulers; they wished to imitate their example, and to check, or throw off entirely the power of their Stateholder.—The Lord opposed these innovations, but he was driven from the Manor, and obliged to take shelter under the wing of his lady's brother, one Frederick, Lord of the Eagles, who instantly raised his tenants and compelled those of Bighose to submit implicitly to their lord. After being thus crammed like turkeys, the Bighose could never digest their forced meat, and they only waited for a fair opportunity to disgorge it.

The inhabitants of the *Lowlands*, which were a dependency on the manor of *Gormandy*, belonging to one Lord *Joseph*, followed the example of the Bighose with more success, as they frustrated all the efforts of their lord to reduce them to subjection. The revolutionary

blaze at length extended to the manor of the Gulls, belonging to Farmer Lewis, who, as well as all his predecessors, had been an inveterate foe to Freeland. Farmer Lewis, being hardly put to it for cash, had contracted for a loan and applied to his stewards to raise certain reliefs to answer it; they refused for a while; and, at last only yielded to his *positive orders*. Even this compliance was clogged with a mortifying remonstrance, that public economy was the only genuine source of liberty, and the only means of providing for the necessities of the manor, and of restoring that credit which borrowing had reduced to the brink of ruin. In this dilemma, Lewis called together his Court Baron; but the members of it treated him equally, if not more cavalierly; and he was then obliged to assemble the principal tenants at a general convocation.

When the members were met, a dispute arose between the lord's household, the officers of the Court Baron and the tenants; the two former wishing to restrict the three bodies to one vote each, and the latter insisting that every individual should have a voice, by which mode they

would not only level all distinction of rank, but, as they were far more numerous, would be certain of carrying every thing their own way. The two other bodies would not concede the point, and the tenants voted themselves the effective body by the appellation of *The Popular Assembly*. Lewis, at first opposed this decision; but as the tenants were resolute, he thought proper to appear at least to acquiesce in it. He, however, began to collect all his bailiffs and constables to awe the tenants; but they, on the contrary, proceeded to acts of outrage, destroyed the stocks, the whipping-post, and the gaol, and soon reduced the power of the Lord to a mere cypher. Intimidated by these violent measures, Lewis was obliged to disband his *posse*.

Many of the Freelanders were rejoiced at this success of the Gulls, as their tenure was excessively oppressive and opprobrious, it being that of *villanage*, or vassalage, of which Blackstone gives the following description: — "Villans could not leave their lord without his permission; but, if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recover-

ed by action, like beasts, or other chattels. They held indeed small portions of land by way of sustaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased; and it was upon villan services, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lord's demesne, and any other the meanest offices; and their services were not only base, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity." The Freelanders held their lands as copyholds of inheritance, which were not at the disposal of the lord, by fealty, services, and reliefs. The rights of the lords and the tenants had been so accurately defined by ancient court rolls and records, that neither party could step over the line without the instant knowledge of the other, who might claim the ground which had been infringed upon. The line had certainly been often violated by both parties, for tenants are no less apt than lords to abuse their power when they can get the opportunity. There was no comparison, however, between the situations of the Freelanders, and the Gulls, so much more freedom and happiness did the former

enjoy. They therefore wished the Gulls to gain that same degree of rational liberty which they themselves enjoyed.

The Freelanders were, however, not very united among themselves in their opinion of this revolution. They were divided into three parties, the high, the middle, and the low: the first comprised the steward, the lord's household and dependents; the second included the constitutionalists, or assertors of the rights of the tenants; and the third consisted of the rabble who wished to level all distinction of rank. The *high* party decried the revolution from its dawn; but they did not show any animosity towards it, as they considered Farmer Lewis, as the author of the revolt of the Thirteen Acres, and rejoiced at its being retaliated upon him. The *middle* party hoped to witness the emancipation of the Gulls from their servitude, and their enjoyment of rational liberty. The *low* party rejoiced to see the destruction of rank which they held to be inconsistent with freedom in any shape. They hoped that the same visionary plan of reform would be introduced among themselves.

This *levelling* system had been engendered by some writings of an idle, sottish vagabond, one Tommy Thorn, who was, however, unfortunately possessed of more than common abilities. He had first shown himself an incendiary by dispersing some handbills among the occupiers of the Thirteen Acres, to which might be attributed, in great measure, their throwing off their dependence on Freeland. He conveyed his doctrines, which were of the *levelling* kind, in that plain, forcible style, which is exactly suited to the understandings and taste of those whom he intended to lead astray. He represented *lords* as a set of *sturdy beggars*, who indolently fattened on the sweat of the industrious tenants' brow, and you may be sure that he treated the inferior ranks with much less civility. But his contempt of lords, and other great men will no longer astonish the Reader, when he shall be told, that this wretch made a diversion of packing up the Prophets and knocking them down with the Bible, like so many Dutch pins with a bowl; he served the same sauce to the Apostles with the New Testament. Indeed, we dare not say to what lengths he carried his

blasphemous impiety. It is certain that he must have studied his ABC out of a very bad HORN-BOOK, and that his master could only be fit to keep company with *Jerry Abershaw*, *on* WIMBLEDON COMMON. His chief doctrine, which was that every legal or moral restraint was an infringement of natural liberty, was so palateable to the disorderly part of every community, that those of the manor of Freeland began to entertain ideas of throwing off all those restraints, and all subjection to the established laws.

FRANCIS who had succeeded Joseph, his father, the late Lord of the Gormands, was a relative of Lady Lewis, and he had entered into a compact with Eagle Frederic, which was supposed to be for the support of Lord and Lady Lewis, and consequently deemed inimical by the Gulls. They, by some means, got an intimation of it, and resolved to be the first to strike a blow. As they knew that they should have little to apprehend from the tenants of Bighose, and the Lowlands, who, by their own revolts, had shewn that they entertained similar principles, they determined to make their

estates the scene of warfare, and they accordingly ordered a body of armed men to march against them. The Gormands and Eagles marched to oppose them, and, at the onset, repulsed the Gulls. The latter, however, sent such strong reinforcements to their combatants, that, at the end of the campaign, they were greatly successful.

The Gulls then began to crow, and, almost frantic with their temporary success, they stormed their Lord's mansion-house, carried himself and his family away prisoners, and decreed the eternal abolition of the *seignory* and the equality of all mankind. They moreover declared that they would grant fraternity and assistance to all those tenants of other manors who wished to procure their liberty. This declaration was construed into an attack against all *lords* whatever, and consequently made them their enemies. Their savage excesses and brutal treatment of the Lord and his Family also alienated the minds of all sober disposed persons from them, and rendered their once popular cause odious.

As it was foreseen that this insurrection in the manor of the Gulls, would inevitably involve all the neighbouring estates, particularly Freeland, Quirke thought the present a time, when his assistance would be wanted by the Steward, and he might have a good price for it, and he, accordingly, in the Common Hall, seceded from Brush and his party, who openly rejoiced in the emancipation of a *great people*, as they termed the Gulls, against whom Quirke let loose all the powers of invective. Vortex and his adherents were, at first, very cautious of trusting to this apparent overture of so slippery a chap, and, to do away all their suspicions, Quirke wrote a book against the revolutionary Gulls. He knew they must be aware that he could not recede from black and white, however they might have distrusted him of swallowing, or explaining away his own words — a practice at which all orators are very expert. The most direct assertion made at one time, will, at another, be explained in a diametrically opposite sense. — Tommy Thorn answered Quirke by another

book, in which he not only defended the revolution of the Gulls, but made a most abusive attack on the directors of the affairs of Freeland. This answer circulated with great rapidity, and it was plain that it carried its poison with it, as the turbulent part of the Freelanders began to indulge in the most unguarded expressions, and a general fear of civil commotion was excited throughout the manor.

At this crisis, a Common Hall was assembled to consider on the best mode of meeting, or averting the impending storm, of which the Lord sent a message to give the delegates notice. Brush ridiculed the idea of an internal insurrection, which existed only in the brains of the Lord's council, whom he taxed with using the tenants as jealous-pated men treat their wives and mistresses—alarm them with false stories that they might cruelly feast on the torture of their apprehensions, and delight in the sensibility that drowns them in tears. As to commencing hostilities against the Gulls, he asserted that it would be aiding the object of the *levellers* to plunge the manor into a war,

whence he prognosticated the obstruction of the trade and manufactures of the Freelanders, who chiefly supported themselves by vending the fruits of their ingenuity and industry among their neighbours.

The Reader, we hope, will excuse us for making one observation on similar prognostics, which is that, true or false, the prognosticator is sure to turn them to his own advantage, for if the event verify them, they claim the merit of foresight; if it disprove them, they say they are rejoiced at finding themselves mistaken, since their country reaps a benefit. To proceed: Merryman represented the message as resembling a bill of indictment preferred against the tenants, which, however, was not a true one, as the pretended malcontents were all—(he could not get rid of the theatre on the most serious occasion) *men in buckram;* and he declared that he would vote for the prosecution of the Steward, who would commence hostilities to re-establish the Lord of the Gulls. Hareskin recommended to the *household*, to govern the people by their affections, and, instead of abusing them, to redress their grievances. — What a

pity it is, Reader, that such *staunch* patriots should ever pine for places! but as the *poor* Swiss, after having been long absent from home, are seized with a *maladie de pays*; so *poor* delegates no sooner enter the Common Hall, than, as if there were an infection in the walls, they are seized with a *maladie de bourse*, and never *think* themselves *at home*, till they have got upon, or very near the *Money Bench*. This malady is not, however, confined to the Common Hall of the manor of Freeland; it is common in all other *debating societies*. But we will tell an anecdote, or rather relate the substance of one which we overheard between two such persons as we are going to describe, one evening when we had left the gallery of one of these debating societies to get some refreshment at an adjoining house of entertainment.

A STORY.

A PEEP AT THE INSIDE OF ST. PAUL'S, AND THE OUTSIDE OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

"*Virtus post nummos.*"

An honest country lout, ROBIN by name,
To try to get a place to London came;

He soon got *in*—with *outs* not oft the case!
A great man took a liking to his face;
M. P. he was—much company he saw,
And Robin soon a *thing or two* did know;
For he had ears to hear, but then his tongue
With what was said at home, abroad ne'er rung

To send his friends word how the world far'd
Robin did not forget—with joy 'twas heard;
His brother, *Ralph*, soon follow'd him to town—
Robin got leave to show him up and down;
The *Monument* and *Tower* struck Ralph's eyes,
St. Paul's, in turn, excited his surprise:
The door was throng'd—Ralph saw th'inside with rapture,
And paid a *shilling* to the *Dean* and *Chapter*.—

I mean their doorkeepers—they'd never brook it,
The *paltry cash!* to have it said, they took it.
Let who will say so—it must be a hum—
A *Scandalum eccles'asticum*:
But 'tis a shame, whoe'er the cash receives,
GOD'S House should thus be made a den of thieves;
Besides the Sanctuary's prophanation,
'Tis tantamount to cheating the whole nation.

At last the clock struck *four!* Robin must go
To Commons' House, his master to await;

"Now, Ralph," quoth he, "you'll see another show,
The place where all the parl'ment men do meet:"
They hurried on as fast as Ralph would trot,
Who stunn'd with *sights*, his brother's haste forgot;
St. Dunstan's clock of time caus'd no small loss,
Likewise the *Man* and *Horse* at Charing Cross.

At length, they reach'd St. Stephen's Chapel door—
'Twas a full house—three hundred came and more;
Quoth Ralph:—"To see so many men this night
"Meet for the *Country's good*'s a noble sight!"—
"The country's good!" cried Robin with a smile.—
"I thought you knew the odds 'twixt gate and stile."—
"Why isn't it then," quoth Ralph, "as I suppose?"
"No, Ralph, they meet—*to sell their* AYES *and* NOES."

But to quit poetical digressions, and proceed with our plain prose story: Quirke, in opposition to his former friends, compared the seditious plots which were hatching against Freeland to the *gunpowder plot*, which would not only blow up the Lord and his household (to whom he was become no less suddenly than excessively attached) but even their property and *wives!* Poor Quirke! his brain seemed to have turned with his coat! The man who, in the revolution of the Thirteen Acres, had talked of

the blessings of *honest equality*, and who had, during all the preceding part of his life, treated lords, as a man would use a pocket handkerchief, now deplored a chimerical danger of their being blown up in company with common people, pigs, asses, and wives, whom in his distracted visions, he saw floating in the air before him. The truth, however, was, that nothing was in danger of being blown up except his own conscience, as it was soon afterwards by an explosion of three hundred pounds a year! To give the devil (for an apostate is nothing else) his due, he *mouthed* very hard for it; but so excessive was his gratitude, that it hurried him into the most ridiculous excesses, by o'ertopping his part, and contrary to the instructions of Hamlet to all players, whether dramatic or politic, "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," as will be seen from the following instance. In the midst of a most solemn and energetic speech, intended to have produced the most unbridled indignation against the *levellers*, he was not contented with impressing all the tropes and figures into his, or rather his paymaster's service; he pulled from beneath his coat, where

he had concealed it for the purpose — not a sword — but that lesser instrument humourously styled by Butler,—

" —— —— —— —— his page
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon Knights-errant do;
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting, or for drudging:
Where it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care;
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth."

So useful an instrument could not escape the notice of the modern Hudibras. Forth it was dragged—flung on the floor, and after a solemn pause, the orator pointing to it said pompously: " Behold what they are to expect who seek an alliance with the Gulls." The rest of the delegates were so surprised at this unexpected figure in rhetoric, that they exactly resembled a certain jolly British tar of whom I'll tell a story. Jack went into one of the booths at a

fair, where a conjurer was displaying his wondrous slights of hand to the great amusement of the spectators. Unfortunately, in the midst of the exhibition, some gunpowder, which was deposited in an under part of the building for the conjurer's use, blew up, and forced the conjurer, and spectators into the air. Jack was landed on his breech in an adjoining garden, where the softness of the ground prevented his receiving any injury. After he had ascertained the soundness of his bones by giving himself a shake, he burst out into a laugh and exclaimed: — "Darken my top-lights! What trick will this fellow play us next!"

In like manner the delegates, when they saw the dagger, were struck with as much surprise as Jack, especially as Quirke had just before prepared them for it by his gunpowder plot; but when they found that the mountain had brought forth a mouse, the pantomimic trick excited the risible muscles of both parties, and Merryman declared to a friend, that he would work up the incident for his theatre. Quirke was so much hurt at the raillery of some of his former friends,

that he soon afterwards solemnly renounced them, and declared that he would never more act, nor even hold any kind of communication with them. In making this declaration, he ran very little risk of being ever tempted to break it, as there was not at that time the most distant prospect of their even getting into that *situation*, in which he would wish to have acted with them. Brush deprecated this final breach of their ancient friendship in the most submissive and unmanly terms; — he even whined like a whipt school-boy, and was not ashamed of tears; but Quirke was *pension-proof* against all this *womanish artillery*. As childishly did these *great* men conduct themselves at the most aweful crisis that ever Freeland witnessed, and when unanimity was indispensably necessary, it appeared as if they met rather to talk of *themselves*, than to debate on measures for the public safety. But great men are very subject to fall into little weaknesses, as a certain commentator tells us, that Homer sometimes falls asleep — "*aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus.*"

Besides Quirke, the Squire himself, and many

others of the *gentry*, who began to foresee the danger with which they, in particular, were threatened by the levelling system, not only desisted from all opposition to the Steward, but declared their intention of giving him their support; and from that time, the Squire's former party, (as Merryman himself told the tenantry on a subsequent occasion) held very little communication with him.

The Steward and his adherents suspended all communications with the Gulls, alleging that they were in the nature of *outlaws* after having deposed their lord. The Gulls made vast efforts to pacify the Freelanders, but finding them wholly ineffectual, they denounced open hostilities against the Freelanders and the Bighose, whose Statcholder had entered into an alliance with the Lord of Freeland.

Being now rendered desperate by the hostile attitude of the neighbouring lords, the Gulls accused their Lord and Lady with having excited enemies against them, and most foully murdered them. All the neighbouring lords now made a common cause against them, and Frederic, Farmer Gildrig's second son, bravely

resolved that *he would be a soldier;* but, as Butler writes:

"Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after claps!
For though Dame Fortune seems to smile
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick."

He marched with some troops to join the leaders of the Gormands and Eagles, who were still carrying on hostilities against the common enemy. The allies, whilst they acted in a body, were successful; but Freeland Frederic unfortunately separated from the other leaders to attack a strong post, whence the enemy threatened Freeland in particular. This dereliction of the common cause for particular interest created a jealousy in the other allies, and exposed all of them to the most imminent danger. As they were fighting at a distance from their houses, and in the midst of an enemy whose force was concentrated, and could be daily reinforced,

the allies were no sooner separated than they were overpowered by numbers, and Freeland Frederic was happy to rejoin his friends once more. The winter, at length put an end to hostilities, and when the spring, which ought to be the source of joy to mortals, as the revivification of nature from the death of winter had again brought round the season, wherein mortals cut each other's throats for glory, it was presently discovered, that the demon of discord had thrown the golden apple among the allies. Ambition, jealousy, disunion, and avarice threatened a fatal issue to their campaign before it was commenced. Eagle Frederic withdrew his troops, under pretext that he had already done more than prudence would justify him in doing for the common cause, and that he could not impoverish his tenants any more. This was only a scheme to get money from Freeland, whose resources, notwithstanding her vast incumbrances, were wonderfully great. Vortex, rather than lose so valuable an ally as he considered Eagle Frederic, persuaded the Freelanders to send him an immense sum of money, for which he was to bring a certain number of warriors

into the field; but the crafty Eagle had no sooner pocketed the cash, than he raised about half the number of troops which had been contracted for, and even these he kept on his own frontiers to protect his own estate, so that they were not of the least service to the common cause.

The Freelanders and the Gormands, as before, met with some success whilst they combated together; but not profiting by experience, although dearly bought, they again separated, and were again overpowered. Being driven from the manor of the Gulls, which they had entered, Freeland Frederic thought of taking shelter among the Bighose; but those whom he came to defend, treated him worse than those whom he came to defend them against. The Bighose were a stubborn, avaricious, and ungrateful people. They owed their very existence to the Freelanders, who had formerly protected them from a haughty and tyrannical oppressor; and the first use they made of it was to endeavour to undermine the trade of their protectors. Being unable to effect this in a fair way, they had been continually engaged in every scheme of secret fraud, or open force to ruin

her. It savoured therefore rather of Quixotism in the Freelanders, to attempt to preserve such a people, and to nourish a viper, that was ever ready to sting her bosom: but Christianity teaches us to return good for evil. — Freeland Frederic and their Stateholder, used every effort of persuasion and remonstrance to rouse them in their defence against the common enemy; but we have before seen that they hated their Stateholder no less than the Freelanders, and they looked forward with pleasure to the expulsion of the former, and the ruin of the latter, on which they hoped to found the superstructure of their own prosperity. They therefore prepared to receive the Gulls as their friends and deliverers, and Freeland Frederic, finding that the game was up, at least for the present, returned home with the consolation, that it was well, it was no worse.

The Gulls were, however, in some measure repaid in their own coin. The manor of Freeland, was surrounded with a broad deep ditch, on which the tenants, as well as those of the other manors bordering on it, kept floating batteries to annoy their enemies in time of war, and to

protect the boats which conveyed their merchandize from one to the other. The flotilla of Freeland met that of the Gulls, and after a most desperate encounter, several of the latter were taken, one sunk, and the rest obliged to return with only that consolation, with which they had sent home Master Frederic. The Freelanders taught them that they knew *How* to conquer, as well as to bear defeat with fortitude and magnanimity.

It has been observed that human nature, in every rank and station in life, is passionately fond of every thing that is *unnatural*. This strange passion absorbs every other consideration; business, the cares of life, all give way to it. Misfortunes vanish before monsters of every kind, Cock-lane and other ghosts, learned pigs, bottle conjurers, stone eaters, phantasmagoria, and invisible girls. Happy people who can thus trifle life away! Whatever may be the cause of this strange passion, the effect is certain, and sage politicians, who omit no means of keeping the people from prying too closely into their mismanagement, have never failed to improve it to their purpose. Thus after

after an engagement between two hostile armies, both sides claim the victory, and chaunt a solemn Te Deum. This ceremony is as necessary to keep up the spirits of the vanquished, as to incite the conquerors to gather fresh laurels. Even such a vile instrument as a Mary Canning, may be made a powerful engine in the hands of a dexterous minister, and we have before mentioned an illnatured surmise, that one of the Stewards of Freeland, had answered his purpose by an insurrection and a conflagration. Hence it has been generally suspected that a *state procession* is nothing more than a *state trick*, played off opportunely to botch up some misfortune or to cover some sinister design. — Some such trick was now become necessary in the manor of Freeland, as the Gulls were not only gaining ground, but the fatal effects, which Brush had predicted from the war, had begun to manifest themselves. The stagnation of trade and the disappointment of trading speculations had occasioned an uncommon number of failures, and had paralysed the manor. Many families were reduced to beggary and ruin, and the manufacturers especially were

driven to desperation. Jealousy and distrust naturally pervaded every bosom, and those who had money, were afraid to entrust it out of their own hands. As trade cannot exist without confidence, it was of course nearly at a stand. Some such trick was also become necessary on another account, as the Squire, notwithstanding his solemn promise to the contrary, had by his licentious courses incurred another immense arrear of debt, which groaned for payment. A trick was devised to answer both these exigencies, which was no other than that of the *Squire's Marriage*. The pomp of the ceremony was intended to divert the tenants from their misfortunes, and the Squire's debts were to be discharged out of the establishment which their generosity should settle on him. But as this affair was in itself, too important, and was, besides, too pregnant with great events, to be huddled in at the latter end of a volume, which is already sufficiently lengthened, we shall begin our continuation of *The Frailties of Human Life*, with the Epithalamium.

END OF VOL. I.

J. Brettell, Printer,
Marshal Street, Golden Square.